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THE *Tatler*

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

30 MAY, 1962

Volume 244 Number 3170

GOING PLACES	526	In Britain & overseas
	529	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	532	In pictures
	534	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	537	The wedding of Princess Sophia of Greece
	540	The Athenian Ball
	542	The Middleton point-to-point
	544	Lyme Bay ocean race from Southsea
FEATURES	546	Festival at Cannes
	548	Common Market manners: <i>by Mary Malcolm</i>
	550	The boom in small boats: <i>by Hugh Somerville</i> <i>photographs by Desmond O'Neill</i>
	556	Lord Kilbracken
	570	Shopping for powercraft: <i>by Hugh Somerville</i>
COUNTERSPY	555	Supercargoes: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
FASHION	557	Clothes for the sun: <i>by Elizabeth Dickson</i>
VERDICTS	565	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i> On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	566	On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh Jones</i>
	567	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	568	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i> On opera: <i>by J. Roger Baker</i>
GOOD LOOKS	569	At sea: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
MOTORING	573	Heralds in fresh livery: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	574	Brides & brides-to-be
ROSES & ROSE GROWING	576	The tragic flower of Towton Field: <i>by G. S. Fletcher</i>
DINING IN	576	Orient in the kitchen: <i>by Helen Burke</i>



The crew of next year's 12-metre contender for the America's Cup sail *Flica II* in a work-out on the Solent. Also aboard is *Flica*'s owner, Mr. J. A. Boyden, who will build the new boat. Helmsman is Mr. Bruce Banks, the former Olympic helmsman. Hugh Somerville writes about the boom in yachting on page 550 and also supplies a shopping list for power boat buyers on page 570. Turn to page 557 for beach and sailing clothes from Elizabeth Dickson. Vernon Stratton took the cover

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £7 14s.; Six months (including Christmas number), £3 19s.; (without Christmas number) £3 15s.; Three months (no extras) £1 18s. Corresponding rates for Canada: £7 1s., or 20 dollars, 50 cents; £3 12s. 6d., or 10 dollars, 50 cents; £3 8s. 6d., or 10 dollars; £1 14s. 6d., 5 dollars. U.S.A. (dollars) 22.50; 11.50; 11.00; 5.75. Elsewhere abroad: £7 18s. 6d.; £4 1s.; £3 17s. 6d.; £1 19s.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Queen at Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade. 11 a.m., 2 June.

The Queen & Prince Philip attend a service for the Order of the Garter at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 18 June.

Polo: Final of the Queen's Cup at Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, afternoon of 17 June.

The Derby, Epsom, 6 June.

Golf: Amateur Championship at Royal Liverpool Course, Hoylake, Cheshire. 11-16 June.

Antique Dealers Fair, Grosvenor House, 13-18 June.

Bath Festival, Somerset, 14-24 June.

Army Sailing Association Regatta, Seaview, Isle of Wight, 14, 15 June.

Cotswold Hunt Summer Dance, Stowell Park, 15 June.

South & West Wilts Hunt Summer Ball, Stourhead, 15 June.

Royal Counties Agricultural Show, Petworth, Sussex, 20-23 June.

OVERSEAS EVENTS

Yachting: Bermuda Race starting from Newport, Rhode Island, 16 June.

International Horse Show, Aachen, Germany (inc. European Grand Prix jumping), 23-25 June.

Meath Hunt Ball, Gresham Hotel, Dublin, 29 June.

Irish Derby (richest horse race in Europe in 1962), The Curragh, near Dublin, 30 June.

Boston Arts Festival, Boston, U.S., 9-25 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Ripon, 30; Lincoln, 30, 31; Carlisle, 31 May. **Bogside,** Newbury, 1, 2; **Redcar,** Newmarket, 2; **Alexandra Park,** Wolverhampton, 4; **Epsom,** 5-8 June. **Steeplechasing:** Stratford-on-Avon, 2; Southwell, 4 June.

CRICKET

First Test, England v. Pakistan, Edgbaston, 31 May, 1, 2, 4, 5 June.

SAILING

Medway Week, Upnor, Kent, to 3 June.

Flying Fifteen Southern Championships, Lowestoft, 4-9 June.

Forth Week, Firth of Forth, 6-12 June.

MUSICAL

London Bach Society, in Chichester Cathedral, 2 June.

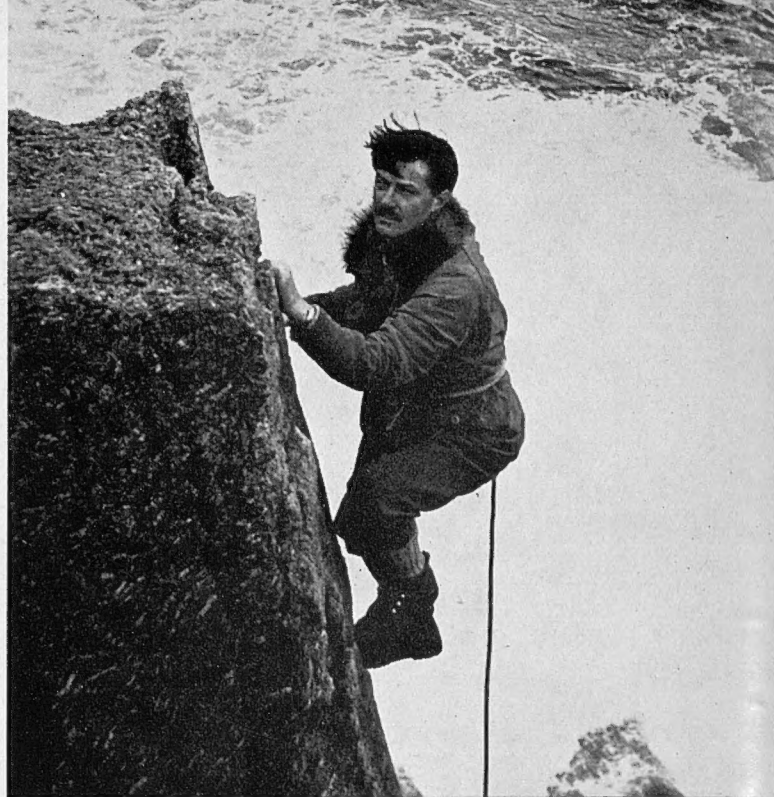
Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., tonight; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 7.30 p.m., 31 May, 2 June, 2.15 p.m., 2 June; *Les Patineurs*, *Giselle*, 7.30 p.m., 1 June. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *King Priam* (Tippett), 5, 8 June; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 6 June; *La Traviata*, 7 June. 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. Erroll Garner, 3 p.m., 2 June; B.B.C. Light Music Festival (first concert), 7.30 p.m., 2 June; Hamburg Philharmonic State Orchestra, 8 p.m., 4, 5 June. (WAT 3191.)

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, Hampstead. Hallé Orchestra cond. Sir John Barbirolli, 8 p.m., 2 June.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Mikado*,



● Major Mike Banks of the Royal Marines cliff climbing in Cornwall. He is the leader of the British Joint Services Expedition to Alaska which leaves on 5 June, their chief task being to climb Mount McKinley, highest peak in North America, without using oxygen. The summit is 20,320 ft. high

7.30 p.m. nightly, 2.30 p.m. matinée Saturdays. Tonight to 23 June.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

Ecole de Paris Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 17 June.

Drawings from the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

Contemporary Japanese Prints, Arts Council Gallery, to 2 June.

Leo Kahn paintings, Comedy Gallery, Oxendon St., Haymarket, to 8 June.

Barbara Hepworth sculptures, 1952-1962. Whitechapel Art Gallery. (See Galleries, page 568.)

Sculptors Today & Tomorrow, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 9 June.

FESTIVALS

Coventry Cathedral Festival, to 16 June.

Glyndebourne Opera, to 19 August. **International Society for Contemporary Music Festival,** London, to 7 June.

Pitlochry Drama Festival, to 29 September.

Aldeburgh, 14-24 June.

Bath Festival, 14-24 June.

FIRST NIGHTS

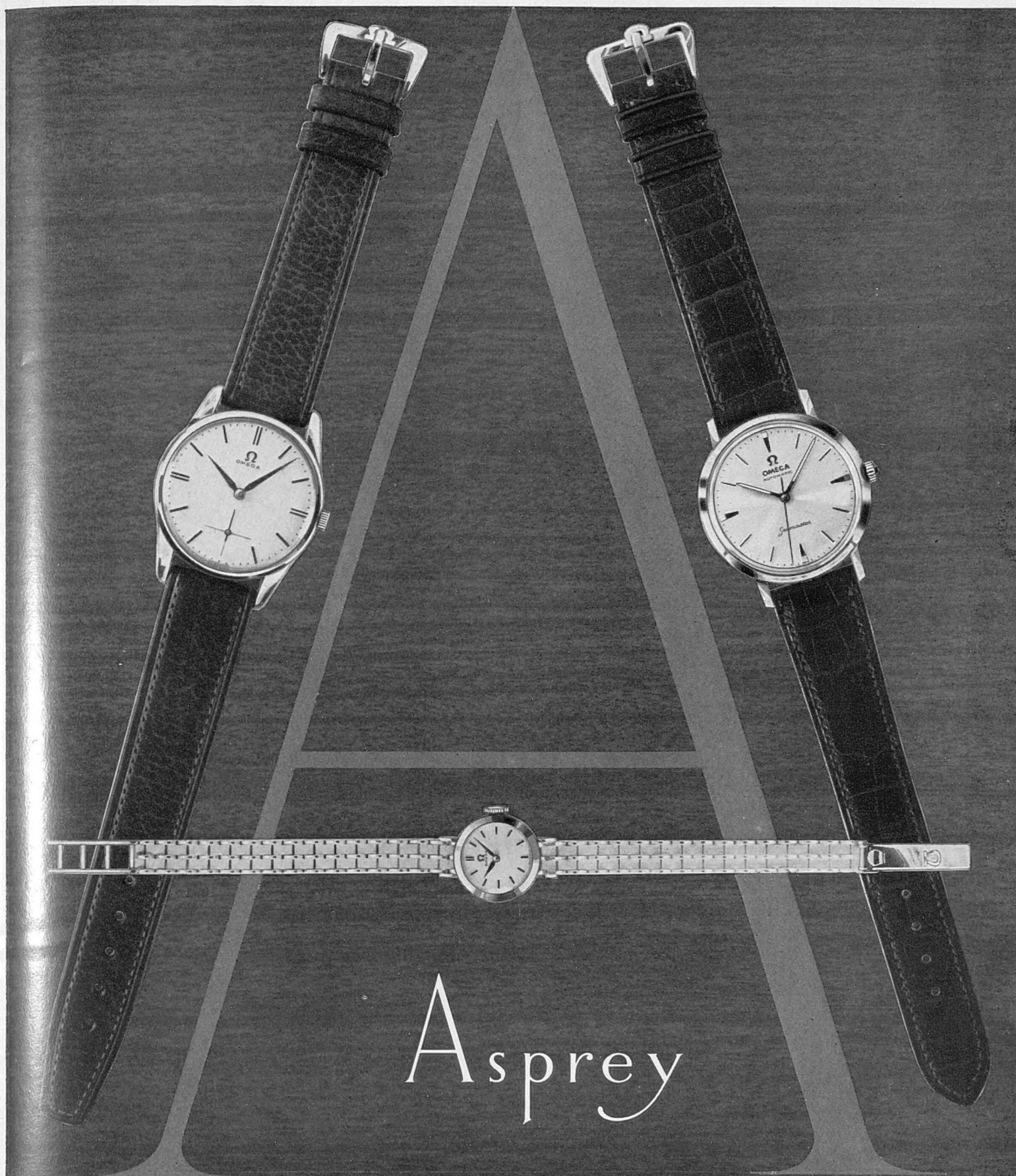
Theatre Royal, Margate. *The Three Musketeers*, 1 June.

Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 4 June.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *The Jungle Of The Cities*, 6 June.

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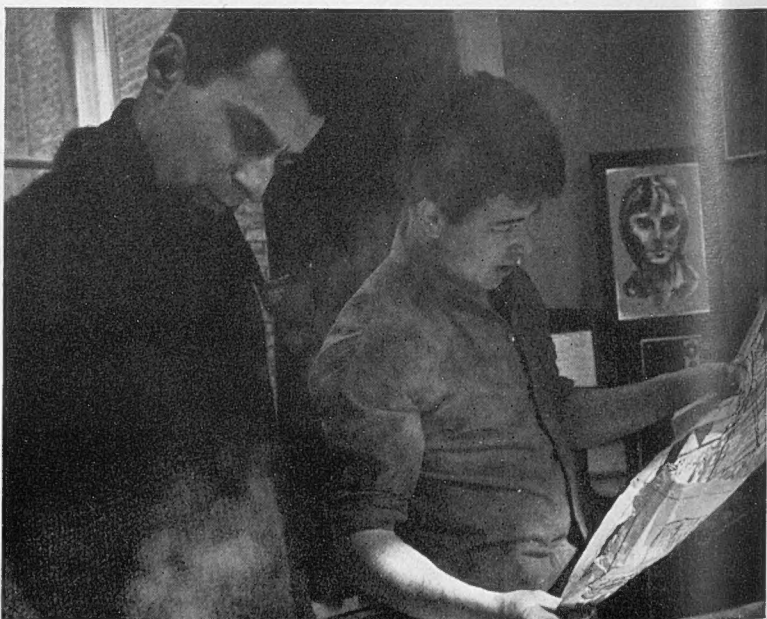
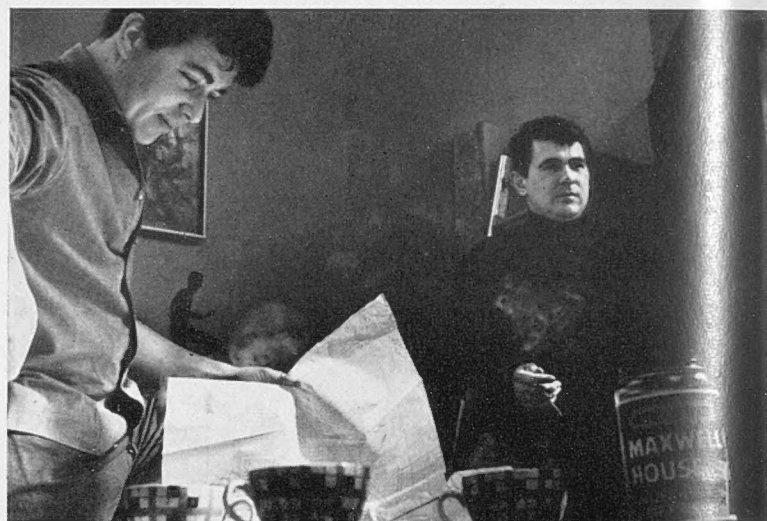


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THE CONFIDENT QUARTET

The men behind the murals of London's newest nightclub, The Roaring Twenties, are Gerry Barnes, Danny Sinclair and Herbe Kuttner, pictured at work below. There is a fourth member of the team, Tony Gordon. The four-way partnership (all in their twenties) have a studio in Emperor's Gate where the bones of their work are laid. But they will travel, claim no commission can defeat them, so wide is their combined experience



PHOTOGRAPHS: HELEN CRAIG

GOING PLACES TO EAT

JOHN BAKER WHITE

Back to Londinium

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

Williamson's Tavern, Groveland Court, Bow Lane, off Cheapside. (Ct 6280.) If the luncheon I ate recently in a private room is anything to go by, this is the place to take your friend from overseas who wants to see the City and sense its history. It has probably the oldest excise licence in the square mile, the fireplace in the lounge is of Roman bricks, and the wrought-iron gates at the top of the courtyard were presented by William & Mary. **W.B.**

Le Rouge et le Noir, 31 Pelham Street. (In the side of South Kensington Station.) KEN 0780. C.S. Small, friendly, recently redecorated, and it is black, white and red. "Cuisine Française" is its claim, and I would not dispute it, for my melon was done in the fashion of Provence and the ragout of boeuf was as it should be. Allow 8s. to 4s. 6d. for the first course, and 9s. to 10s. for the main, off the plats du jour slate. At the moment they have only a club licence so I cannot write of the wines. I liked the way in which the new owner welcomed one; a smile and a friendly word puts one in the right mood.

Cockfights to cuisine

The Half-way House, Dover Road, Barham. (Tel.: Barham 218.) Luncheon Sundays only. Dinner every night. When I was a boy the stables of this inn used to be the scene of illegal cock-fighting mains and bare knuckle fights. Today it has moved with the times, and makes a pleasant stopping place exactly halfway between Canterbury and Dover. The highest quality meat is a speciality of the house, and the cook knows

how to make the best of it. There is a sound wine list, the ale is well kept, and they will make you an Irish coffee. Dinner, without wine, costs about 15s. **W.B.** weekends.

Wine note

VERY PROPERLY THE WINES OF Alsace are becoming increasingly popular in Britain, though they were drunk at the Court of Edward III and Francis Drake used to enjoy his "cooling Aussay." A new shipper to Britain is M. Jean Preiss-Zimmer of Riquewihr, and Davis, Hammond & Barton Ltd., of 44 Leadenhall Street, can give you all the details. Five wines are being shipped, all estate-bottled and all of that great year 1959. Three I tried recently, and enjoyed, were the Riesling Reserve Speciale at 15s. 9d., the Traminer Grand Cru at 17s. 3d. and the Muscat Reserve Exceptionnelle at 20s. 3d. The last-named is a fascinating wine, because, unlike most muscats, it is really dry.

... and a reminder

Le Carosse, 19 Elystan Street, Chelsea. Dinner only and not on Sundays. David Hicks's elegant decor and good cooking to go with it. N.B. The telephone number is KNI 5248 not 4248 as given on 16 May. **Berkeley Banquette**, Berkeley Hotel. (HYD 8282.) Open on Sundays. Replaces the old Grill Room, with the food up to the long-established high standard.

CABARET CALENDAR

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). Lisa Kirk in the cabaret spot, with the Four Saints. At 10 o'clock, Fantastico, full-length floor show. **Pigalle** (REG 6423). The Winifred Atwell Spectacular, starring the pianist plus featured artists and showgirls. **Winston's Club** (REG 5411). Danny la Rue returns in Winston's Night Flight, also featuring Anne Hart and Ronnie Corbett. **Society** (REG 0565). Irene Delmar, from Poland. **Hungaria** (WHI 4222). Maggie Sarraigne.



Ray Ellington and Susan Maughan are appearing at the Candlelight Room of the May Fair Hotel



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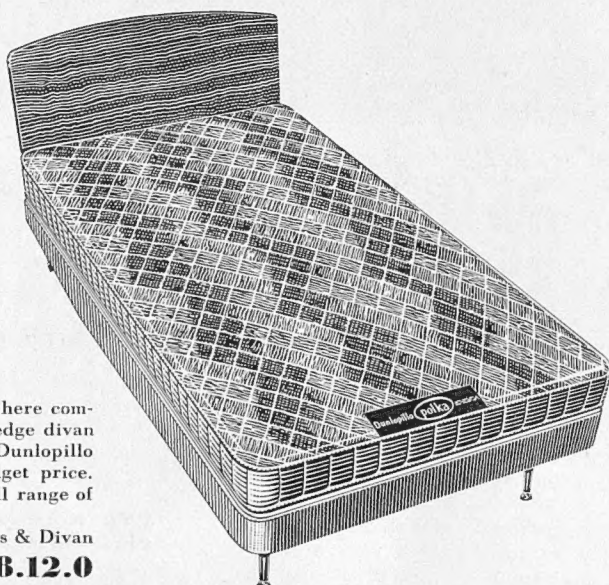
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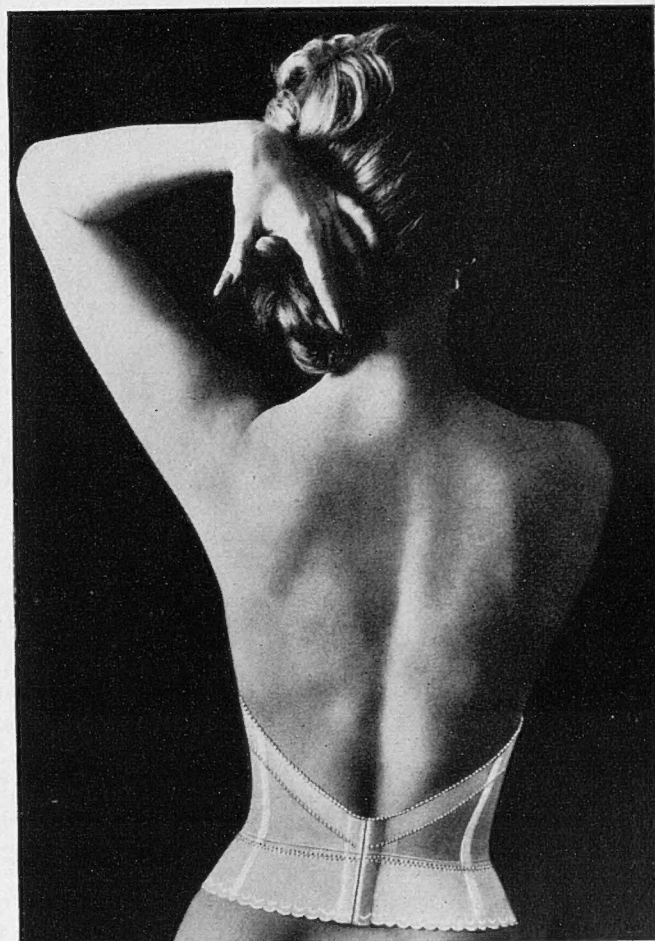
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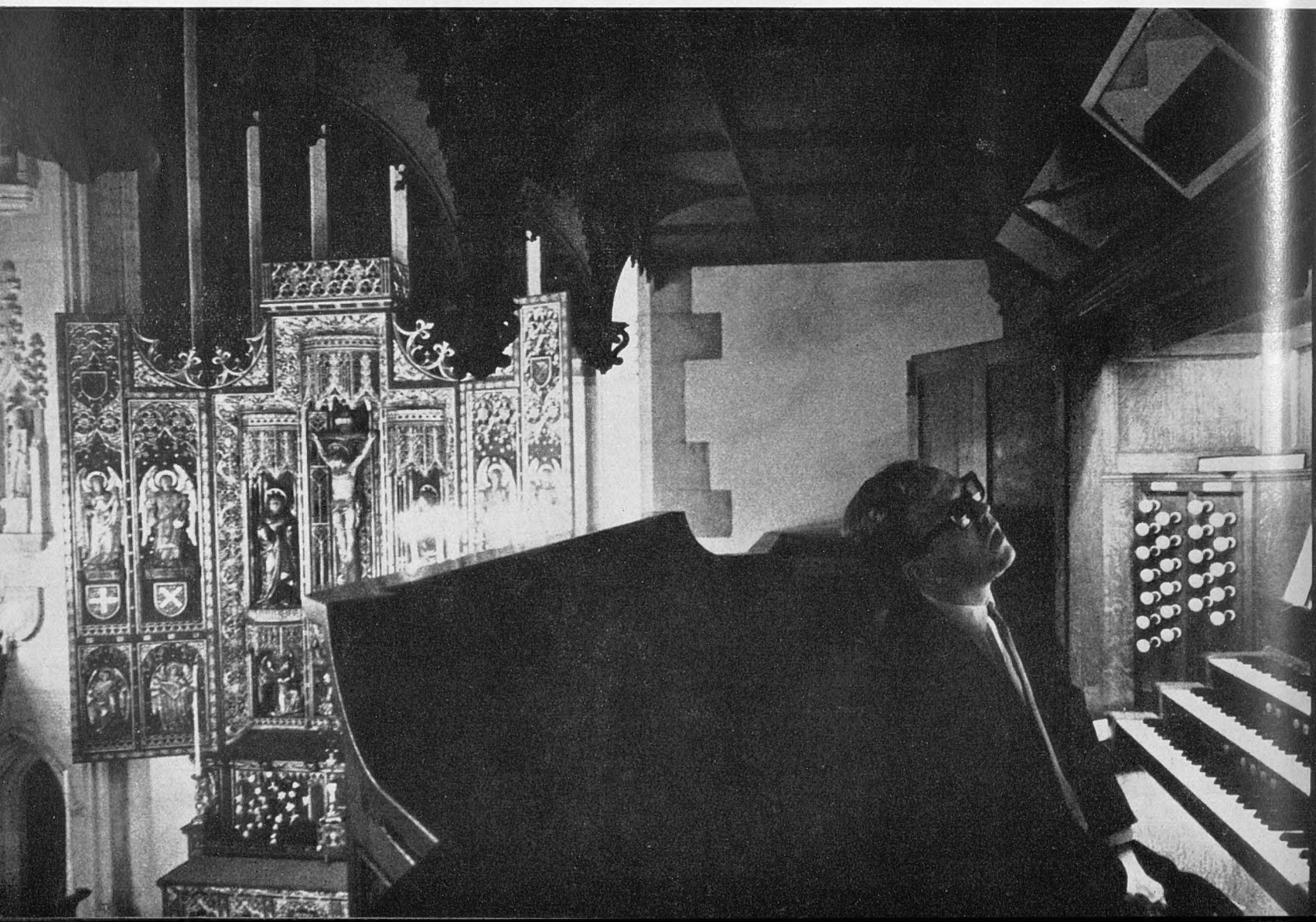
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PHOTOGRAPHS: ALEX LOW

GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

In a Kensington church two young musicians rehearse new ventures. Above: Conducting his newly-formed choir is John Alldis. They will sing little-known medieval music by Palestrina and other composers as well as more familiar classics. Below: Australian composer Malcolm Williamson at work on his Vision of Christ Phoenix which he wrote for the dedication of the organ in Coventry's new cathedral





MORRIS NEWCOMBE

Fa a Kitt is seen in her dressing-room during rehearsals for *Member Of The Family*, a new play by Michael Voysey written especially for her
the B.C. television will be showing towards the end of June. Below, Jack Hedley rehearsing in Brecht's
The angle Of The Cities; it opens at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., on 6 June



JOHN TIMBERS

Perfect peninsula

RARELY IS ONE BOLD ENOUGH TO speak of perfection, even with the added qualification "of its kind." For perfection, in terms of places, depends also upon timing. Timing the season in which to see them, and timing the point in their evolution from retreat to resort; which is a far more personal matter. Some people do not mean what they say by the word simple, while for others, the very first fisherman's shack to be converted into a boutique or bar spells ruin to yet another unspoiled Mediterranean village. Indeed, such civilizing touches can well be the thin end of a wedge that ends, for better or worse, in St. Tropez.

For me the Argentario peninsula, suspended from three slender causeways across a lagoon from the Tuscan mainland, is just about *à point*. Café conversation in the port, martini conversation in hotel bars, runs, understandably, to the price and availability of land: one's instinct is to make, of some tiny corner of this particular paradise, something personal and permanent.

A *corniche* road winds through terraced vineyards, feathered with olive and cherry trees, up into the hills behind Porto Santo Stefano and there, tantalizingly and abruptly, it stops. The rest of the cone shaped hills whose tall cypresses pencil the odd and infinitely covetable red-tiled farmhouse, can only be traversed by jeep or donkey. Otherwise they must remain the subject of dreamy speculation, laced with the comfort that what you can't do, most



other people can't do either.

The object of this road, part of which has been privately built, is the Hotel Torre di Cala Piccola ("little bay"), which was the first serious draw for any visitors to the peninsula. It is built around a 12th-century Saracen defence tower, and you might even wonder, on approaching it, where any hotel was. All the bedrooms are housed in cottages, almost out of sight of one another, dropping down the hillside to the bay. They are terraced with cactus, geranium and wild rosemary; furnished with wicker cane, ceramics and bright cottons. Each has a large and entirely private stone walled veranda and it is the pride of the proprietors, Nina and Carlo Bertuzzi, that you need neither see nor speak to your fellow guests all day. Most people hire a boat from the beach and disappear. Well-hidden concessions include, apart from the bars and restaurant, a swimming pool with a captive fig tree growing from its concrete base; a hairdresser, boutique and tiny night club.

Otherwise, the established and only other night club is the Strega del Mare, a place of rustic sophistication set in glorious gardens high over the sea. In it you can sup late or Twist until dawn. On another superb vantage point nearby is a little hut of a bar, the Argentarola, that serves golden local wine at sixpence a tumblerful.

Much nearer to Porto Santo Stefano—within walking distance, in fact—a second and more conventional hotel, the Filippo Secundo, has just opened. It is under the same management as the Hassler and the Eden in Rome, which gives some clue as to its expertise in smooth running, comfort and cuisine (especially good). Rates at either hotel are between £3 10s. and £5 a day, and Filippo Secundo makes reasonable deduction rates of £2 15s. a day.

But the joy of Argentario and especially of Porto Santo Stefano is that you can leave behind the sybaritic living offered by the hotels and wander the two enchanting and unselfconsciously beautiful harbours. The larger one is full of stout fishing vessels slung thick with nets, the smaller one of little boats and shops and cafés: places like Ottavio, where the menu is rattled off verbally but the result is a delicious *zuppa di pesche*, a shellfish and rice mayonnaise, a variety of *pasta*, fruit and cheese—and a bill of 12s. a head including the wine, and plenty of it.

Like most of the other restaurants, Ottavio is still a family concern and the Argentarian Tuscans seem to be refreshingly either

unaware of, or unconcerned with, the art of exploitation. Even the local hairdresser charges only 1000 lire, and neither of the boutiques, Nassa or Jennifer, is unduly expensive. Jennifer imports elasticized shantung pants from Capri which sell at £7 10s., and well-cut cotton ones for half that price.

Argentario would remind many people of prewar Provence; and it is what Italy's own Ischia, Positano and Portofino have ceased to be. People who enjoy any of these as they are now should not waste their time in Argentario. Long may it stay as it is, and the lack of any road to encircle its entire coast should keep it inviolate for quite a time.

Personally I could stay there and never leave, but perhaps I would do so in the knowledge of the other delights so close to hand: Rome, 90 miles and two and a-half hours' drive away; Siena, a glorious journey into the heart of Tuscany with, heaven knows, what a reward at the end of it; the hill towns of Manciano and Pitigliano; Orvieto and Tarquinia. . . . A car is an essential to enjoy even the peninsula itself, for one would want to explore also the smaller village of Porto Ercole, on its eastern coast, not to mention the gastronomic pleasure of roast wild boar at the Cacciatore restaurant, just over the causeway on to the mainland. And finally there is Giglio, the island that dreams across the water from every vantage point. Giglio, which Stendhal called the Island of Mermaids . . . but of that I shall write next week.



Porto Santo Stefano

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THE TATLER 30 MAY 1962

WHEN A PRINCESS MARRIES



When a princess marries a prince it's the signal for a gathering of Europe's royalty. The wedding, in Athens, of Princess Sophia of Greece and Don Juan Carlos of Spain—they are seen above leaving the Orthodox Cathedral—brought together a glittering assembly only rivalled by the gathering in Amsterdam, early this month, for the silver wedding celebrations of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Guests from Britain at the Greek royal wedding were Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, her daughter Princess Alexandra and Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Muriel Bowen, who also travelled to Athens for the wedding, reports the double ceremony—Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox—on page 540. More pictures overleaf

WHEN A PRINCESS MARRIES

continued



Left: Princess Alexandra with the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg



For the family album: right of the bride, her mother Queen Frederika; on the bridegroom's left, his mother, the Countess of Barcelona; behind them, from left: Crown Prince Constantine, King Paul, and the Count of Barcelona. Right: Prince Rainier & Princess Grace of Monaco enter the ballroom followed by Prince Jean of Luxembourg and his wife Princess Joséphine-Charlotte; and the bride and groom.

The Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford





High point of the ceremony; Crown Prince Constantine holds the crown over his sister's head

After the wedding; pageantry in modern Athens. Muriel Bowen reports overleaf



Right: *Mrs. F. Inglessis*. Far right: *Mr. John Voyantzis & Mrs. V. Stavridis*. Below: *The Hon. John & Mrs. Siddeley*. Below right: *Mr. A. J. Chandris, ball chairman, and Lady Chesham*



In London (above)
Grecians danced at
the Athenian Ball
held at the Savoy.

In Athens they
cheered the
wedding of Princess
Sophia and Don
Juan Carlos. Muriel
Bowen reports

IT WAS THE MOST DAZZLING OF DAYS WHEN THAT dark-haired, vivacious, sailing beauty, **Princess Sophia of Greece** married **Don Juan Carlos of Spain**, at the Orthodox Cathedral in Athens. Since the bridegroom is of the Roman Catholic religion and the princess Greek Orthodox, there were two religious ceremonies—making four bridal processions, much to the delight of the Athenians. Rome is usually the church for brilliant ceremonial but on this occasion the Greeks won the day—the simple Catholic ceremony in the modest rose-decked Church of St. Denis being followed by a service of glitter and grandeur in the Cathedral.

The brilliant mosaics and ikons glistened in the light of a thousand candles, and gold stars blazed from the Cathedral's blue-domed roof. The singing of the choir was breathtaking and the officiating priests moved with solemn majesty in the splendour of their vestments of

cloth of gold. Then came the traditional crowning of the bride and Princess Sophia's circlet of solid gold—a wedding present from the people of Athens—sat snugly on her dark curls. Afterwards rice and sweetmeats were thrown at the bride and groom.

The Princess rode to her wedding in a golden coach drawn by six grey horses and with footmen in a royal blue & silver uniform. The carriage was preceded by an escort of bay horses ridden by soldiers wearing steel helmets and green battledress. As Don Juan and his bride left the Catholic Church he walked on her left, something that Sir Winston Churchill would not approve. When the Earl of Avon (then Sir Anthony Eden) married his present wife I heard Sir Winston admonish him, saying: "Wrong side Anthony—you should keep your sword arm free."

From all over Europe the royal and the fashionable poured into Athens for the wedding.



Right: Lt.-Col. Robert Lauder and Mrs. Lucas Ralli. Below: Mr. Charles Rice and Mrs. G. Lascarides



PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

Princess Marina, Princess Alexandra, who was a bridesmaid, and Earl Mountbatten of Burma were Britain's guests at the wedding. Princess Grace of Monaco with her beauty and her floor-length coat of pale blue satin looked quite wonderful. Others who shone were the bridegroom's lovely sister, The Infanta Maria del Pilar of Spain, Mrs. Stavros Niarchos—her husband gave the couple a gold model of one of his tankers as a wedding present—and Princess Claude of France in a dress of yellow organza with fitted bodice embroidered all over with pearls, and a full length skirt.

There were hundreds of women in full length dresses and men resplendent in swirling cloaks and looping crescents of medals. One man in a cream uniform and feathered hat insisted on bringing a canvas stool (to give him a better view) into the church. Clothes worn by the guests were mostly pale blue, golden yellow and pink. A matching hat and dress in cocoa colour—the

hat was of tulle whipped up like a soufflé—was worn by Queen Frederika, the bride's mother. The Countess of Barcelona (mother of the groom) wore royal blue and delighted the crowds by giving the boxer's victory handclasp wave of Queen Fabiola of Belgium.

There were so many little facets to remember . . . the Cathedral with the pink Athenian hills rising in the background . . . the women in shawls who had walked down from the mountains to throw flowers in front of the bride's carriage . . . and the housemaids at the Palace reception with their prim English uniforms of black dress and frilly white apron. There were parties non-stop for two days before the wedding and a dance for young princes and princesses at which, incidentally, Queen Frederika banned the Twist! At Piraeus I was able to watch some of the excitement from the Cunard liner, Caronia (the Green Goddess as the Greeks call her). All around were the ships which brought

5,000 Spanish monarchists and Service officers to the wedding. During the day ships were dressed over all, and at night they were a riot of coloured lights as guests climbed on board for parties.

One evening I dined and danced at the home of a Greek family in the hills above Athens. Much of the talk was of relations with Britain. "We want to see better relations, but since Cyprus some people in Athens don't want that," they said sadly. They spoke of the days of easy and happy associations, when Sir Clifford Norton, then Ambassador, used to invite leading Greeks to amateur theatricals at the British Embassy. The women at this party were unusually chic. Many of them wore clothes from Gulati, the twenty-two year old shepherd boy turned dress designer, who people here say will soon rival the famous Greek designer Jean Dessès.

'CHASERS ON THE HILL



The Countess of Halifax handing over the Mrs. Ellison Challenge Cup to Major Guy Cunard, who won the Members' race



Left: Miss Caroline Cleminson who won the Ladies' race. Centre left: Lady Grimthorpe. Far left: Mr. J. P. A. Russell, the hon. secretary of the meeting, with his wife

Bringing the horses in line for the start of the first race; starter for the day, Brigadier Suetman

The Middleton and Middleton East Hunt steeplechases were held at Whitwell-on-the-Hill just outside York. There was an entry of 32 for the main event of the day, the open race for the Lord Grimthorpe Gold Cup, and five races on the card

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

GREECE IN LONDON

Queen Frederika perhaps would not have approved but it was Twisting all the way at the Athenian Ball held at the Savoy. Leading exponents included Mr. G. Lewis Jones, the U.S. Minister, & Mrs. Jones, the beautiful Mrs. Lucas Ralli, Lt. Col. Robert Lauder, and the Hon. Georgina Cavendish dancing with her father, Lord Chesham, the Parliamentary Secretary at the Transport Ministry. The ball (see pictures on preceding page) was a benefit for Athens College, the Eton of Greece and a remarkable institution. "Many of those here tonight would be shepherds in the hills if it were not for Athens College," Mr. Rice, the headmaster, told me. He is an American who has become fluent in Greek since taking it up two years ago. He's also a humorous man. "It does not take a great deal of learning to make a speech in Greek," he told me. "But it will be some time yet before I can hold an intelligent conversation." The reputation of Athens College is such ("our boys are a year ahead of Americans of the same age," says Mr. Rice) that there are now 5,000 Greek boys on the waiting list for the entrance examinations. The scholarship fund alone is £70,000 annually, all of it raised by voluntary means.

Naturally it was a ball that had plenty of moon-spinning distractions. With 10 tickets for cruises round the Greek islands in the raffle it looked as though London-based Greeks might be in search of a getaway from our crowded city. Best known of the Greek cruising ships is probably the *Romantica* owned by the ball chairman, Mr. Antony Chandris. "Nearly all the passengers are British and we're booked up a year ahead with people who like the quiet—no tourist, the sea, and Greece," he told me. There are so many bookings that next year Mr. Chandris is having a new and bigger ship just to take *Romantica's* overflow. Others at the Savoy, trying to win the cruises (as well as support Athens College) were Lady Aylwen, Mr. John Voyantzis, the Hon. John Siddeley & Mrs. Siddeley, Mr. Socrates ("awful nuisance to be called Socrates") Eliades, and Mrs. G. Lascaris.

THE PRINCESS IN WALES

Princess Margaret made her first visit to her husband's childhood home, Plâs Dinas, Caernarvonshire, when she spent two days on official engagements in the county. Plâs Dinas is one of those big-by-modern-standards (17 bedrooms), 16th-century houses that still have a nice, cosy, old-fashioned comfort. It is pink washed and there is a Celtic encampment nearby that dates from the time when the Irish had a habit of invading Wales. "The Welsh used to put their cattle and women in the encampment and in that order because that was how they valued them" Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones explained to me. Mrs. Armstrong-Jones has her own ideas about decorating. In the past year

or so she has made several changes at Plâs Dinas, changing the colour scheme of the dining-room from a stark white to a wallpaper in a rich shade of red flock. Her own sitting-room is now a pretty blue—and, wise girl, she has insisted on central heating.

Mr. Armstrong-Jones's hobbies at Plâs Dinas are shooting and fishing. His wife shoots, too, and they like to have friends over at week-ends. Another shared hobby is gardening and with the help of a part-time man they grow all their own vegetables. Since the Earl of Snowdon's previous visit a year ago there is a new plantation of flowering trees to mark the birth of his half-brother Peregrine. It is called Peregrine's Plantation and it takes the place of what used to be "the Pigs' Garden."

DANES GO DANCING

At the Anglo-Danish Society dinner-dance at the Dorchester Viscount Tenby, taking the chair for the first time, set the mood of the evening by saying: "That somebody who is neither an Englishman nor a Dane and who was Minister of Food for three years, should be asked to be chairman of this society shows what a nice people the Danes are. . . ." The speeches brimmed over with bonhomie. Prof. Phil. Borge Jessen paid a tribute to British science which he said had benefited Denmark. Then turning to Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, Bt., the previous speaker, he said: "I knew that in the good British speech there must be a joke, but I did not think it possible to have so many jokes in one speech." Sir Malcolm, in fact, had spoken with the style and polish reminiscent of the late Lord Birkett. Afterwards Mrs. Gutte Gauntlett, the society's secretary, pocketed his speech so she could send it to whoever may be asked to propose the toast of Denmark at next year's dinner! Gen. Sir Robert Mansergh, who got to know Denmark well while he was C-in-C Allied Forces Northern Europe, told how he was once called on to make the 23rd speech at a Dane's 50th birthday party. Unlike Sir Malcolm who is noted for his evasive action when asked to make an after-dinner speech, there was no trouble in getting hold of bachelor Sir Robert. "I like being asked out to dinner," he told me.

The new Danish Ambassador, Mr. Nils Svenningsen (he's already been up to the Lake District for some climbing), was there, and I was pleased to see Lord & Lady Adrian arrive. He had lost his tickets the day before, something which threw the Danish Embassy into a terrible tizz. Others there included Earl & Countess Beauchamp—back from the Bahamas and Palm Beach, but she wasn't talking about that, too busy casting an eye round for new members to rope into the society: Sir Charles & Lady Hambro, Mr. & Mrs. S. A. Dohm, Count & Countess Hendrik Brockenhuus Schack, and Mr. A. Koenigsfeldt of the Danish Embassy and his wife. Finally, at about 1 a.m., the bonhomie—originally built up by generations of English insisting on Danish bacon for breakfast—was emphasized by pounding feet. The

Danes decided to dance the Gay Gordons and a good job they made of it too.

NEW BOATS FOR BRITONS

About 30 new British boats will take part in ocean racing this year. Col. K. N. Wylie from Cambridge has *Grenade*; Mr. R. W. Amey who sails with his knowledgeable sailing daughters, will be racing *Noryema II*; and Mr. Raglan Squire, the architect, has a new boat called *Rainy Day III*. I talked to Lt. Col. the Hon. W. E. H. Lawson about *Rampage*. "We've only just launched her, and all we know is that she floats the right way up," he told me. Racing boats seem to be as difficult as horses to assess in advance. If she turns out to be a fast boat he'll go on racing her, if not he looks forward to plenty of cruising. Mrs. Lawson will crew. The Royal Artillery Yacht Club have *Barbette* which will be out in the Cowes/Dinard race in July, if not before. She's of the new, much talked about, Dutch Pioneer class and built of fibre glass. "We were lucky to order her when we did, there is now a queue for these boats," Major Gen. R. H. Farrant, the club's commodore told me. I should think it will be some time before the General has time to sail her himself; he's one of those good men in a boat whom friends book up a year in advance.

Capt. F. A. Kemmis Betty had the sleek-looking *Aloha*, one of the biggest of the new boats, out in the Southsea race. But it will be some little time yet before Mr. Michael Gilkes, the surgeon, takes the helm of *Foggy Dew* in an ocean race. She's a Guy Thompson design, and she's being finished off ("all the less wealthy of us do that ourselves") by Mr. Gilkes in his Brighton backyard. Meanwhile, though, he's not missing his sailing. He's just off to the States to crew in Capt. John Illingworth's new boat in the Newport-Bermuda race. Few women take the helm in ocean racing. One of the exceptions is Mrs. Phyllis Lee-Duncan of Bournemouth who hopes to be racing the new Arthur Robb designed *Moonspray* in a month or so. "It is due to the number of women sailing nowadays that boats have fridges, proper cooking stoves, hot water, showers and that sort of thing—men just don't think like that," says Mrs. Lee-Duncan. Who cooks for her when she races? "A man who always comes to crew for me and he really can cook."

Cooking will provide no worries for Major G. E. W. Potter and Mr. G. L. Plum in their new boat, *Oberon*. The galley has been given some sensible thought by Mr. Tom Sawyer who has crewed for them for the past 12 years, and a ritzy American cooking stove has been fitted. Mr. Sawyer is, of course, the manager of the Hyde Park Hotel but his knowledge of cooking is much more than managerial. On the eight-day Fastnet race last year he produced some Roman cookery that was described to me as "fabulous." He says: "If you're a cook you can talk your way on to any racing boat." But he intends to stick by Potter & Plum. For more news about the boom in boats, turn to page 550.



Brigadier E. F. Parker who sailed the Royal Engineers Yacht Club entry Annasona, and Mr. Philip Whitehead. Right: Aile Bleue, sailed by Mr. F. Bodin, comes alongside the committee boat to collect mail. Above right: The crew of Phizz row out to their yacht. At the oars Mr. D. R. Anstey, with him Mr. George Stead, Mr. Bernard Robinson, Mr. John Newcomb and Mr. John Martland

OFF-SHORE SHORE OPENER



The Royal Ocean Racing Club opened its season in near-gale conditions with 38 yachts beating out to sea in the 225-mile Lyme Bay race from Southsea to Cherbourg and back

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Dr. J. Auclair's Striana off Southsea beach at the Royal Albert Yacht Club's lines as a submarine enters Portsmouth Harbour



Left: Crossing the line for the start of Class 1, Captain F. A. Kemmis Betty's Aloha and the Hon. Max Aitken's Drumbeat. Aloha finished third in her class. Below left: Major C. St. John comes ashore from Annasona. Below: Mr. Freddie Morgan at the helm of Ramrod



Below: Mrs. J. P. Whitehead whose husband sailed in Annasona, Lady Power whose husband, Sir John Power, Bt., sailed in Capreolus, and Mrs. D. E. W. Stevens





At the opening of the festival Sophia Loren's zip unzipped. Older cinemagoers will be pleased to note that it was Walter Pidgeon who came to the rescue. Right: Curt Jurgens and the Begum Aga Khan

Since it's a spectacular there has to be an international all-star cast, dazzling decor and costume, thousands of extras and—predictably—a director who walks out at a moment of crisis. It happened all over again at the 1962 Cannes Film Festival with, this year, bulldozers added to the list of props—the beach was being sifted and fresh sand spread. Some films were shown, of course, and prizes awarded but the main attraction, as always, was people—on the beach, in the hotels and night clubs, there in Cannes just to see other people being seen



The Cannes Spectacular



Romy Schneider—one of the stars of Italy's portmanteau entry Boccaccio 70—with France's Alain Delon



Nanette Senghor, daughter of the President of Senegal, starred in Africa's entry, Liberty I

Gene Tierney chose Cannes to make her reappearance in the cinema world after a long illness. With her, Carlo Ponti, husband of Sophia Loren



Among the hosts of film actors doing the first-night and night-club circuit was Glenn Ford



Common Market Manners 2

In her second article Mary Malcolm gives further hints for the entertainer and the entertained in Western Europe

NEARLY three months of travelling in a car through Western Europe with my husband and of entertaining, and being entertained, at a fairly high level has strengthened my conviction that Brussels, the hub of the Common Market, remains the only capital in Western Europe where life is still lived in the old and gracious way in which our parents and grandparents lived it. Elsewhere, so it seemed to us, it is much the same as at home, but there are some pitfalls of behaviour and some differences of custom of which one becomes aware. The French, the Germans and the Italians (we did not go to Holland or Luxembourg) are not, in fact, "just like us" and, as the Frenchman remarked, "*Vive la différence!*"

For instance, I wish I had realized when I left London that I could have dispensed with my décolletée dinner dresses and substituted a couple of little black numbers and a glamorous evening coat. My husband could have left his dinner jacket at home for, outside Brussels, he never wore it. Elsewhere in Western Europe we dined informally, in restaurants mostly, since informal entertaining at home is an art as yet largely unknown, while formal entertaining at home involves staff problems worse than ours.

In Paris the "bistro battle" still rages. Everyone knows a better bistro (the taxi drivers know the best ones of all) and it is advisable to consult one's guests—if they are French—before booking a table. Of course, no one in Paris objects to being taken to La Serre or Maxim, but unless you are thinking in such terms the bistros are the better bet. Let everyone choose their own food, survey their selection and

choose the wine accordingly. French people will probably expect to drink two wines—preceded by an apéritif—but in the other countries where the choice of red wines is not so wide we generally settled for one and drank it throughout the meal. One gains a lot of prestige in Europe by assuming that one's guests will drink whisky as an apéritif. It is the "snob" drink and is fabulously expensive. Once you leave Paris the question of whether to "bistro" or not does not really arise, for on the whole restaurants are simply restaurants in the rest of Europe. Some may be larger and grander than others but the small, unexciting-looking ones are liable to prove just that. With exceptions of course.

In Italy most restaurants (I exclude the luxury class ones) look like British Railway buffets, but there the resemblance stops. The napkins may not have been ironed and the cutlery will almost certainly be nasty, but the food will be quite the reverse.

Night-clubbing on the Continent presents the visiting fireman who wants to "do the thing properly" with quite a problem. Some towns abound with night-spots, but you may be sure that only two or three of these will be considered chic, and how are you to know which two or three they are? Other towns will appear to have none and will be found, on the contrary, to have several; tucked away in small back streets and spoken of by the inhabitants in hushed whispers. We found that on the whole our dinner guests were the ones who took us "on somewhere for a nightcap." We now have a whole list of places to which one can go, but by the time we get back you may be sure that they will all be closed, or else deserted, and we shall have to start all over again.



SUSAN EILZIG

We found that a journey through Europe did a lot to polish up our manners.

We had to remember the rules, taught us by our parents so long ago, about not sitting down before being invited to do so, not leaving the party first if one is obviously the youngest there—or the only for foreigners—extending the hand upon every possible occasion and shaking hands firmly and warmly, not limply, or not at all, as at home. Often we said our own names, adding “from London,” as an additional tag. In Europe we realized that there is no such thing as the time-honoured British invitation, “Do let us dine together,” which leaves in some doubt who is asking whom. Abroad one says, “My wife and I would be so pleased if you and your wife would dine with us next Monday” and no one is in any doubt at all. The drinking drill is important too, especially in Germany, where there is much more surface formality than elsewhere in Europe. No guest in Germany would dream of lifting his glass for a first sip of wine without waiting for the host to lift his, look round the table and say “*Prosit!*” or some such phrase. This is echoed by the guests as they lift theirs to him, and then the little ceremony is over. We found that the first sip of wine is usually an occasion for some sort of toast, a pleasant custom which we quickly adopted.

It would have been a good idea to have had some visiting cards engraved. Many a time I found myself scribbling our home address on an odd piece of paper and offering it in exchange for a card. They would have been useful to send with the “thank you” flowers too. Flowers, we came to the conclusion, should only be sent when we had been guests in the home. Otherwise I usually wrote a little note of thanks next day, or, if I already knew the people, I telephoned the wife the morning after.

Telephoning on the Continent can be quite an adventure. Learning to tell the ringing tone from the engaged signal and not losing heart too quickly over the whole operation. In most offices dealing with international business there is likely to be one

switchboard operator who can manage a little English, but this is not necessarily true of the “daily” in your friends’ flat. However, you cannot go far wrong if you simply ask for the person you want (omitting the frills of “is Mme. Untel by any chance at home?” etc.) and if you refuse to be put off by any incomprehensible sentence which may follow such as “*delapartdequi?*” “*wemdarfichmelden?*” or “*quiparla?*” At this moment you will have to give your name and if it is a complicated one, Heaven help you. After a couple of false starts I either use my maiden name, which is a trifle easier than “McFadyean,” or else I say lamely, “a lady from London,” a phrase I have now learnt in most languages.

We took our car with us (six and a-half thousand miles and 31 different hotels in 11 weeks), but we usually left it in the hotel garage and took taxis instead. Parking problems are as acute abroad as they are at home and a car—whether self-drive or chauffeur driven—is only an encumbrance. It is pleasant, of course, to be able to explore the countryside at weekends, but you can always hire a car by the day for this. In France it is important to remember that there is a weekend speed limit of 100 kms. an hour which applies on all roads. This is not written up anywhere, you are expected to have found it out somehow, and it is no good expecting the police to be lenient because of your accent or your licence.

In daily practice we found that, in Paris at any rate, it was nearly always quicker to take the Metro, for though Paris taxis are quite cheap and obliging there are not nearly enough of them. The Paris Metro is the simplest system imaginable to follow and you pay a fixed charge of 55 centimes no matter how long a distance you travel. What’s more, it is definitely chic to use the Metro!

Beware of being late for things abroad; an invitation for eight o’clock means exactly that—except in Paris where no one would dream of arriving until at least 15 minutes after the scheduled time. Obviously you will be allowed latitude for losing your way &c., but it creates a bad impression all the same.

THE BOOM IN BOATS

IN the last few weeks those who live near the coast have been able to tell the time of high water by the sound of champagne corks popping after launchings in the local boatyards. As one who has been fortunate enough to have attended many of these functions this spring seems to have been the busiest launching season in my memory.

A foot of length for every year of a man's age is the old popular formula for deciding on a suitable size of boat. As a rough guide it is still sound though there are some, blessed with eternal youth, who will continue to sail dinghies till the day they die. Dinghy sailing as a branch of the sport of yachting has increased in popularity in the most remarkable fashion during the years since the war. Most notable of the many dinghy classes is the *Enterprise*—sponsored originally by the old *News Chronicle*—in which the latest sail number to be issued is in the 8,000s. At the beginning of August, 1961, there were 80 fleets of these boats. By February, 1962, this had grown to 111. The trend continues in all classes.

The boom continues at such a pace that it is difficult even to count how many dinghy classes there are. The Royal Yachting Association handicapping list gives performance figures of 130 of them including catamarans, but some have come along since the list was published. The *Sunday Times* introduced their *Signet* just before the last Boat Show. She is 12 ft. 3 in. long and just about the easiest boat for the do-it-yourself enthusiast to build. Completed from a kit, with owners buying a metal mast and Terylene sails, the cost would be about £80. There will probably be over 100 of them sailing by the end of this season. At the other end of the scale comes the International

14-footer, which costs about £500. Many other modern classes have something of this boat in their pedigrees. The Prince of Wales Cup in this class is the Blue Riband of the British dinghy world and it is remarkable that current Yachtsman of the Year Stewart Morris, now in his fifties, has won it 10 times.

Many of our crack dinghy sailors are turning their attention to the next Olympic games and so strengthening the International Finn single-handers or the International Flying Dutchman. Stuart Jardine has already struck a blow for Britain by coming third in the Flying Dutchman World Championship held in February at St. Petersburg, Florida. Hans Fogh of Denmark was the winner and Rolly Tasker of Australia second. A new Flying Dutchman (20 ft.) will cost about £500 and a Finn (14 ft. 9 in.) about £220. Naturally prices vary with different builders and the owner can always save by building or completing the boat himself.

Turning to the keel boat classes, the most popular in this country are the Dragon and the Flying Fifteen. Last year Sir Gordon Smith won the Dragon Gold Cup—equivalent of the World Championships in this class—with his *Vara* and he will be going to Norway in July to defend it. The Dragon is a remarkable class which started in Scandinavia about 1930 and has since spread all over the world. Originally designed as a young people's cruiser/racer costing about £250 it has become a highly developed racing machine, and a new one will now cost over £2,000. It is sad but inevitable that we shall never see the Royal Dragon *Bluebottle* in a race again. Presented to the Queen and Prince Philip as a wedding present by the Island Sailing Club of Cowes in 1948, her many racing



It's the season for pushing the boat out and the busiest yet, reports yachtsman Hugh Somerville. The boatyards buzz with new building as dinghymen graduate to ocean racers—the yacht centres face a parking problem as new craft come crowding in. And there's no sign of a let-up in the national urge to go down to the sea in ships as Desmond O'Neill's pictures prove. They were taken at Burnham-on-Crouch at the Saturday Regatta. On the same day a new Dragon class yacht was launched (above) as part of Burnham's own contribution to the sailing boom

successes included an Olympic bronze medal at Melbourne in 1956. She is now at the Britannia R.N. College, Dartmouth. However, Prince Philip has a new Flying 15 which he will no doubt race occasionally. She is a replacement for *Coveslip* which he was given as a wedding present by the people of Cowes.

The Dragon is an Olympic Class and so is the 5.5 metre—30 of the world's top helmsmen in this class will be in England at the end of June racing for the world championship. British representatives will be Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry in *Vision II* and Owen Aisher and his son Robin in *Yeoman VII* and *Yeoman X*. Also entered is a new boat owned by F. G. Mitchell which will be sailed by Chris Hall of Cowes. Col. Perry won a silver medal at Melbourne, and Robin Aisher was our 5.5 metre Olympic helmsman at Naples. The competition during the world championship is likely to be hot with the reigning world champion Louis Noverraz of Switzerland defending his title.

During this regatta—organized by the Poole Bay Olympic Sailing Association in conjunction with the Royal Motor Yacht Club—the Dragons will be racing for the English-Speaking Union Trophy. Another class involved is the new Daring, which was designed as a glass fibre one-design 5.5 metre. Her main virtue is the fact that the cost is just over £2,000 complete as opposed to a proper 5.5 which will cost over £3,000.

Many yachtsmen prefer to cruise or potter in their boats. They may always have liked to take their pleasures that way or they may have grown older and tired of the dinghy or racing world. Some of them stay on the racing fringe with a cruiser/racer type of boat. Probably the Scandinavian Folkboat is the most typical and

numerous of these—25 feet in length a Folkboat will cost anything from £1,500 upwards according to the owner's ideas. A really beautifully finished model called *Madrigal* was recently launched on the Hamble for Lt.-Col. Colin Gray.

This spring there has been a spate of yachts launched for the Army. The Royal Armoured Corps Yacht Club recently took over *Red Jerboa*, one of the popular South Coast design. Two boats of the Dutch-designed glass fibre Pioneer class have been launched—*Barbette* for the Royal Artillery Yacht Club and *Shenkin* for the Royal Welch Fusiliers. Another handsome new yacht the 17-ton *Rampage* was launched on the Hamble for Lt. Col. the Hon. W. L. H. Lawson. She is to be sailed by Arthur Robb.

It is always difficult to judge the cost of new boats, but for an offshore racer built to the highest specification by a really top-class yard the cost can be as much as £1,000 per ton. I understand that if the hull is steel or glass fibre the cost can be reduced quite a bit. However, despite the appalling cost of new construction, two magnificent new offshore racers of about 25 tons were recently launched. They are *Starfire of Kent* for J. Boardman and W. H. Gough Cooper and *Aloha* for Capt. F. A. Kemmis Betty, R.N.R. They will be welcome additions to the biggest of the Royal Ocean Racing Club classes. With more people on the water than ever before and more new boats appearing than I can remember, this season, if it keeps up the tempo it already seems to have struck, promises to be the finest since the war. It will be all the more notable for the presence later in the summer of that wonderful offshore racer *Bloodhound* now under royal ownership.

The Dragon Class yacht being launched (opposite page) is Mr. Bill Ritchie's new *Blackadder*. Vice-commodore of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, he is seen seated on her stern. Below: Grey weather, grey water and a stiff breeze for the crew of a 505 class yacht braced outboard during racing off Burnham





Larger yachts line the foreshore at Burnham, moorings grow scarcer as the season advances

Probably Burnham's best-known character, Mr. W. Dyce Petticrow is one of the oldest members of the yard staffs at the centre. Last year he was made an honorary member of the Royal Burnham



Fitting a new type of power unit in a yacht is Mr. Ian Young, head of Petticrow's, the Burnham marine engineers



Two of the three commodores of Burnham's yacht clubs, Mr. Cyril Swett (left) of the Royal Burnham, and Mr. W. Hornby Steer of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club



Yachting is usually a family affair with push-chairs wheeled in among the small craft docked in the boatyards for painting and caulking against the start of the season



Strolling along the waterfront: Mr. & Mrs. C. C. Booth. He is president of the Royal Burnham, his father was a founder-member



Brigadier H. R. H. Jackson (left) secretary of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, and Mr. R. L. Billingham, secretary of the Royal Corinthian

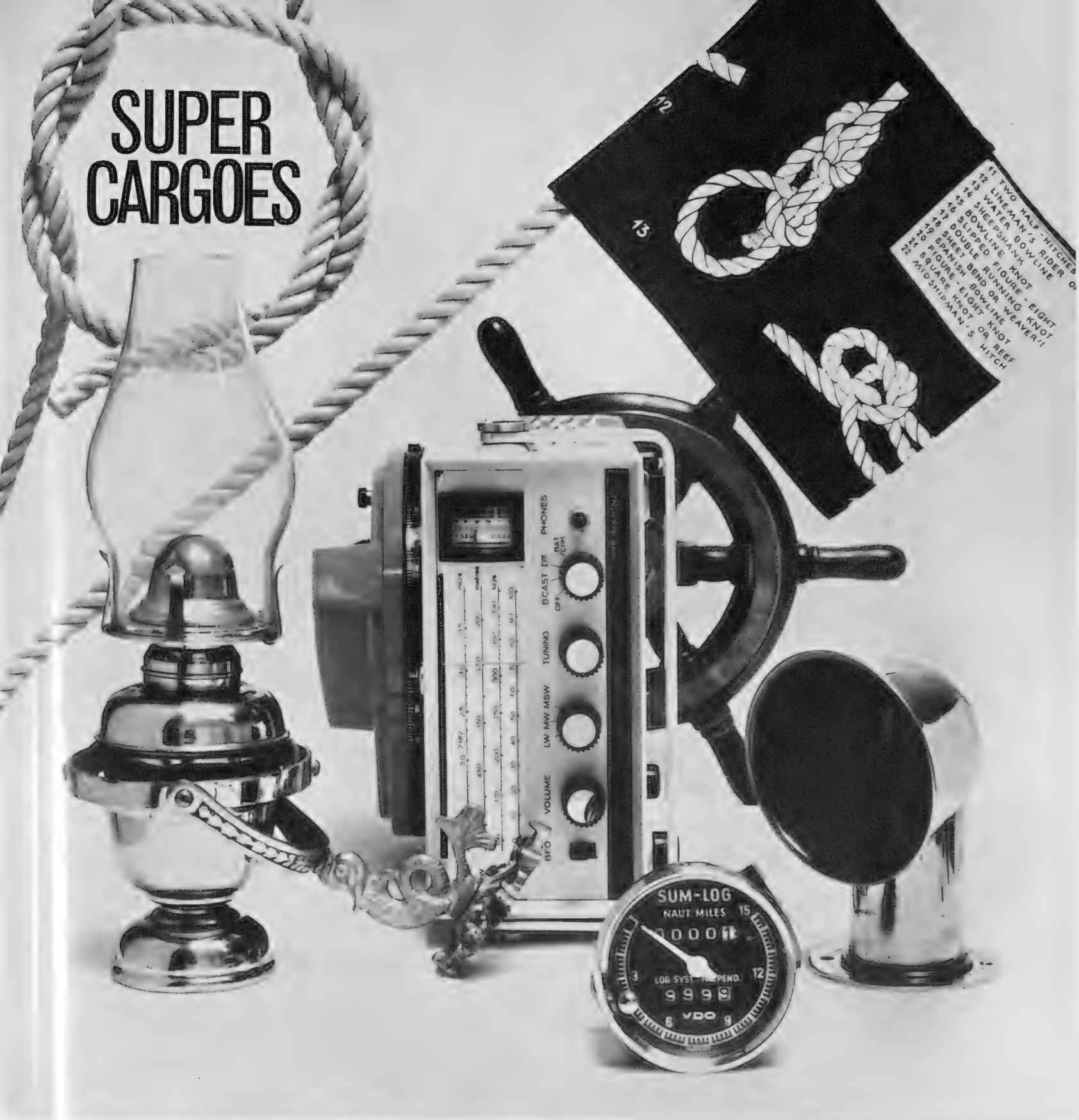


Left: Cadet class boats await the starting gun. In Sylph (foreground) is Michael Derry, Cadet class captain of the Corinthian Otters



Yachts being launched from the ramp alongside the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club

SUPER CARGOES



The **Boat Showrooms of London** (288 Kensington High Street) display river and sea-going craft on their ground floor—small craft dinghies, outboard motor boats, sailing cabin cruisers, runabouts, river cruisers. Downstairs in the chandlery section is a clever new idea which they have developed for water skiers called the Boomerang (£22 10s.) which winds in ski rope automatically. In dry dock there is the fast new Pack-a-Boat which packs small enough to ride on a car top and is the first fold-up to reach water-ski-ing speed. Basic boat with steering wheel and windscreen costs £209,

choice of engine is flexible—Boat Showrooms recommend an 18 h.p. for £181. Statistics: The Pack-a-Boat seats 4, is 13 foot long with a beam of 5 ft. 6 inches, weighs 170 lb. *Pictured:* The *Sum Log* (above right) (£26 5s.) for sailing craft which logs automatically and is sensitive and accurate at low speeds.

Captain Watts in Albemarle Street have all kinds of shipshape equipment and clothing. The shop is a fascinating mixture of nautical gear. *Pictured:* The *Solent* portable direction-finding radio (centre) by Pye (49 gns.) is fully

transistorised, battery-operated and covers beacon, trawler and broadcast wavebands. Captain Watts have dashing nautical silky scarves, one (top right) is a ready reference for useful knots: Krier, 35s.

Arthur Beale, 194 Shaftesbury Avenue, has the true, tarry flavour. Their cockpit-shaped shop has goodlooking accessories like the cabin gimbal oil lamp swinging from a dolphin: £2 11s. complete; brass and wood steering wheel £5 10s. and a copper cowl ventilator 25s.

Knocked 'em in the Portobello Rd.



DAVID KENNING

My friend Helen, of Manhattan, called me from the Savoy and invited me to invite her to the Portobello Road.

It happened that I had a date already with my best girl, Lisa, for the following Saturday morning, which is the right time of the week for this particular expedition. Helen has not a jealous nature—nor, for that matter, has Lisa, who (as I've mentioned before) is almost ten—and she therefore proposed that we should go along *à trois*. I told Helen, after agreeing to this, that we *ought* to be there at 6 a.m., in the manner of the professionals, if she really wanted bargains, but we had both felt, fortunately, that this would be somewhat supererogatory. So here we were assembling at the easier hour of half-past ten for coffee in Chelsea to prepare us for the coming hardships of West Eleven.

"When we get to the market, I'd like to buy you a present," Helen said to Lisa when the introductions had been effected. "If I may, that is," she added. Lisa intimated that she would raise no objection and allowed that it would be fun to examine all the stalls to decide what she liked best (subject to a two-dollar limit). I felt almost sure it would be a purse or a necklace. Helen herself, she said, would be looking for "any charming pieces of nonsense," but she asked us, in particular, if we'd keep a lookout for *hands*: for hand-shaped brooches, or hand-shaped buckles, or (especially) hand-shaped buttons. I enquired: "Why hands?" "Because I like them," Helen replied; "they're a symbol of giving." "It depends on the hands," I murmured, just as our taxi arrived. A few minutes later we were bowling smartly through Kensington.

Helen found it only slightly remarkable that I'd never been to the Portobello Road before, because she knew—however much we may go out of our way to see the sights abroad—that we ignore those on our doorsteps. ("Next time you're over, I'll take you on my first-ever visit to the Empire State Building," she said.) As a

matter of fact, as I recalled when we arrived, I *had* been there: on several previous occasions I'd found myself in Henekey's well-known pub, if only to observe, in the manner of a keen bird-watcher, the migratory flocking of model-girls that mysteriously occurs there on certain seasonal occasions. But I'd never been to the market, though within a stone's throw of it. I now scrutinized each stall with almost as much interest and fascination as Lisa, who at once tackled the distressing problem of selecting a single object from the several million (or so it seemed) which were to fall beneath our gaze in the next couple of hours. There is, I suppose, practically no article of personal or domestic adornment, and few of domestic utility, which could not be unearthed *somewhere* in that teeming quarter-mile—whether it be a gilded posy-holder or a Queen Anne candelabrum, a Swiss doll or a Georgian secretary, brie-à-brac from Paris and junk from everywhere.

"Do you have any hands?"

"Only me own pair. . . ."

This line of dialogue predictably occurred on at least three occasions as we scoured the market. Helen acquired in rapid succession a pair of silver slippers fashioned as ear-rings, a beaded handbag ("late Victorian"), a moulded silver purse and at least a yard-and-a-half of jet necklace; but no hands. Meanwhile Lisa—not without evoking frequent injunctions of "Don't touch, dearie"—was trying, in this excruciating *embarras des richesses*, to move towards her ultimate selection from the infinity of bangles, the proliferation of brooches, the plethora of rings. She has quite wide interests: a sweetshop was not beyond her dignity and I noticed she even gave a good three minutes to a barrow of "ladies' garments."

Soon afterwards Helen spotted a small ebony brooch in the form of a hand holding a spray of flowers—also late Victorian, she was told. "Isn't it *beautifully* ugly," she commented, forking out ten bob. And then I thought it worth drawing her attention to a small place-

card holder, comprising a white china hand and the arms of the town of Hastings, almost certainly Elizabethan. "How much?" she enquired.

"Two-and-six, love," was the reply.

"Is that two pounds, six shillings?" asked Helen, and felt for her wallet. I was able to put her right just in time. (In fairness I should say that this was a most un-Helenlike Americanism.) For a further half-crown she acquired a very curious brooch made principally from two shells, two fake pearls and two paste diamonds, and then the time had arrived—for we had "done" the market and were hungry—when Lisa's final decision could no longer be delayed.

"It's all right, I've decided," she said at once with conviction.

Back we went through the market, back past the heart-shaped medallions, and the coral necklaces, and the dolls, all of which had momentarily attracted her. Back, of all places, but with single-minded inevitability, to the barrow of ladies' garments, whence Lisa extracted, with absolute certitude, a pair of grown-ups' shoes: Italian, with two-inch heels, and marvellously gaudy, having black-and-white horizontal stripes, overpainted by hand with green and orange flowers.

"I want this pair of high-heeled shoes, so as I can dress up," said Lisa.

In vain to remind her of the treasures we'd seen. When a young lady of almost ten has made up her mind, nothing in the Portobello Road will make her change it. No matter if they were too large for her—only one size, as it turned out; some tissue paper, she explained, would soon fix *that*. "Ten bob, mum," said the stall-holder, no doubt glad to see the last of them; a half-note changed hands. And a happy little girl, her first high-heeled shoes clutched possessively to her, climbed with triumph into the taxi.

Equipment in breezy, sun-drenched ocean and sailing rigs that guarantee your status as the

ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

PICTURES: VIC SINGH RIGS: ELIZABETH DICKSON





Left: Maximum allure, minimum bother to tub and iron—sugar pink St. Trop. partners in candy stripe. Bolen side-buttoned in pink, cowboy riding pants tied in white. Simpson, 79s. 6d.

Right: Land-lubber's sailing club stunner: Yves St. Laurent navy jacket with side-slits and bold buttons. Lean, skinny white pants have flutter pleats instead of turn-ups, by Tiktiner. Worn with knotted silk square. All from Fortnum & Mason

Centre right: Reminiscent of an Edwardian seaside outing, the demure cotton knit. Scarlet and white striped vest top with shoulder buttons, lower half in navy. Less demure exit-view: back plunge to the waist. Marina Delmar at Harvey Nichols, 7½ gns.

Far right: Surfer's suit striped in murky jungle shades of black, emerald and sapphire, all designed to flatter a rich tan. Tailored along classic lines, low plunge at the back. Caprice at Lillywhites, about £5 10s. Pebble chain necklace from Harrods, 39s. 6d.

Previous page: Riviera kit of unparalleled glamour—briefest bikini and siesta-break tunic. All in white piqué, the bikini and Grecian top trimmed in glittering gold braid. Tiktiner at Harrods, 16 gns. Gold sandals, Charles Jourdan.







The drinking suit: for cocktails under the umbrella and non-swimmers only. In contour-hugging black Helanca, cut to take the plunge as low in the front as at the back. Elizabeth Stewart at the 61 Shop, 12 gns.



Made to measure for the idle, sunbathing life. Spirella's geometric print suit with low front, low back and beautifully built-in bra. In pebble hues of brown, black and orange, 12 gns., from their corsetières throughout the country. Brown rough straw beach hat from Harrods



Eden Roc breath-taker—butterfly-winged playsuit in chiffon jersey designed to grant the look of youth to any figure. Chosen in subterranean flower shades of green and aquamarine. Lillywhites, 12 gns.

Right: Storm sweater for ocean racing sailors. Classic shape in scarlet wool, heavy ribbing across the shoulders. Worn with check silk square, 10s. 6d. Sweater £5 19s. 6d. Both from Gieves

Below: For building sandcastles and mucking about in boats: poppy wool bellbottom hipsters with low pockets and belt. Additions: matelot sweater in blue and white stripe and rakish navy sou'wester. Sweater 72s. 6d., trews 6 gns., hat 27s. 6d., all from Jaeger



OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- P. 559 Caprice Helanca swimsuit at: Heelas of Reading; Kendal Milne, Manchester
- P. 559 Marina Delmar striped top swimsuit at: Marshall & Snelgrove Manchester; J. K. Swallow & Sons, Chesterfield

VERDICTS

PLAYS

Pat Wallace

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE GLOBE THEATRE (MAGGIE SMITH, TERRY SCULLY, DOUGLAS LIVINGSTONE, KENNETH WILLIAMS, RICHARD PEARSON)

Basic Shaffer

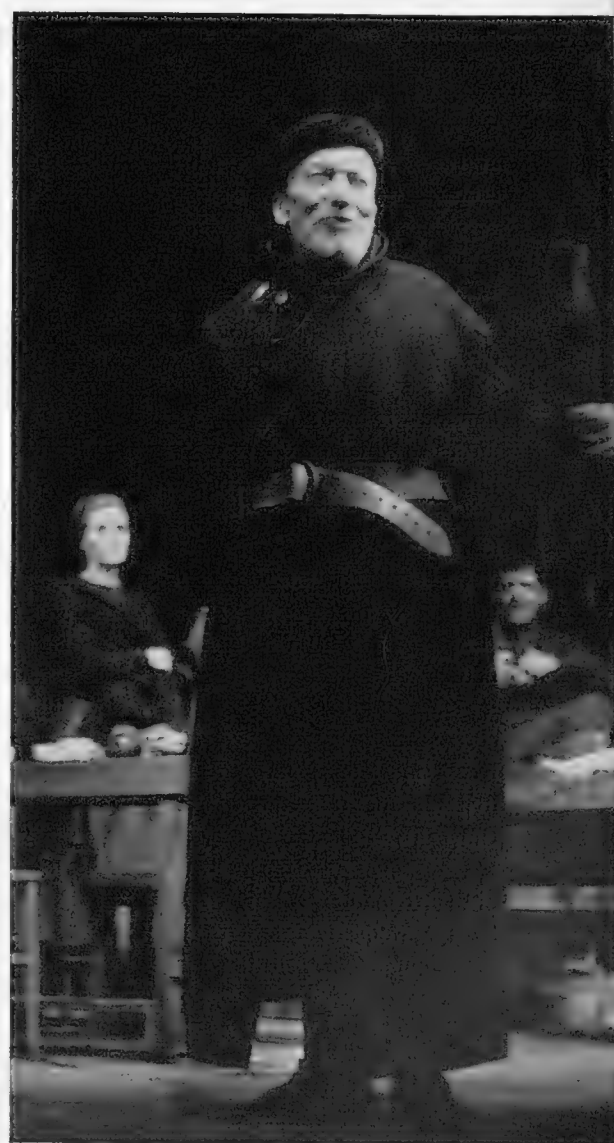
FROM EVERYBODY'S POINT OF VIEW—ACTORS, management, and above all, audience—Mr. Peter Shaffer is that most valuable of beings: a dramatist who writes for the theatre because he loves it and, since he loves it, contrives plays which are in the truest sense entertainment. He writes about people and what happens to them emotionally or intellectually. He is not preoccupied with social comment or contemporary problems; the situations in which his characters find themselves are brought about by human conflicts and human impulses, which is another way of saying that they are basic and unaffected by changes of time or setting. The many who saw *Five Finger Exercise*, his first play, remember how well the sense of family life was conveyed; a family disrupted and at odds but still essentially a family.

Now, in two plays, each with a cast of only three, Mr. Shaffer has done it again triumphantly. He has written about young people and first love in one; married people and the seeds of disillusionment in the other. *The Private Ear* is the story of an evening of crisis in the life of a young man, sensitively and most effectively played by Mr. Terry Scully, who from a chance meeting with a pretty girl at a convent has built up a towering edifice of dreams and delights. He invites her to dinner in his bed-sitting room in Belsize Park and asks a more worldly friend to help him out with such details as cooking the meal and giving the proceedings

a party atmosphere. Mr. Douglas Livingstone plays the part of the brash and bouncy youth for all its worth, and the opening scene, with the shy boy comparing his love's graces with the Botticelli Venus and his pal asking him if he has remembered to buy "the vino," is memorably funny and touching. Miss Maggie Smith is the girl; fair, silly and with a certain gauche experience of the conventional gambits of advancing and retreating in the preliminaries of courtship. She is, however, much taken with the ebullient friend and when he has left, with heavy-footed tact, the little evening moves gradually towards disaster.

Hoping to save it, the host makes frenzied conversation, the girl responding with a bemused "Pardon?" to any subject which takes her out of her depth and obviously yearning for the wisecracking patter of the other. Finally, and rather desperately, the boy plays a *Madame Butterfly* record, trusting that its harmony will affect his guest, but it is too late and the final moments have real poignancy and, incidentally, good dramatic value. Each of the performances is a pleasure to watch and hear but it is the dialogue itself that is the source of one's enjoyment: utterly in key with the circumstances and with the natures of each of the young people; the commonplace girl, her imaginative, timid admirer, and the cheerful extrovert who does his clumsy best to make the party go, doing all the practical chores and even tying his friend's shoelaces up, rather like an exasperated but still patient nanny.

If that is a little play of the heart, *The Public Eye* is one of the head. Again, this is both well-cast and well played. On reflection it would be difficult to praise one more than another though Mr. Kenneth Williams, with that sly smoothness, is such an engaging player of comedy and, in this case, perfectly aware of the shimmer of fantasy that his role needs. The story is simple; Mr. Shaffer's embroidering on the theme both original and amusing. A prosperous and middle-aged accountant has married a charming, slightly dotty girl from the inscrutable world of coffee bars. After some years he feels that their marriage is slipping and hires a private detective to spy on her. The results are unconventional and often very funny indeed. Miss Maggie Smith, long-legged, bright-eyed and bushy-haired, has a simplicity in delivering her lines that is most attractive; a spontaneity of effect as hard to achieve as



Wilfrid Lawson as the pilgrim in Gorki's *The Lower Depths*, at the Arts, first public London production for 50 years

any other technical mastery and Mr. Richard Pearson, in a part subtly contrived by the playwright to be midway between the pompous and the pathetic, convinces one that, in the most cash-bound accountant, niceness must keep breaking through. As for Mr. Williams, in the part of an odd and extremely articulate creature who has found in sleuthing the ideal expression of his temperament, he gives the witty, controlled performance of an objective, only lightly involved commentator. These are two brilliant and satisfying little plays, adding up to that refreshing thing—a good evening at the theatre.

FILMS

Elsbeth Grant

THE POT CARRIERS DIRECTOR PETER GRAHAM SCOTT (RONALD FRASER, PAUL MASSIE, CAROLE LESLEY, DAVY KAYE, DENNIS PRICE, EDDIE BYRNE) **JULES & JIM** DIRECTOR FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT (OSKAR WERNER, HENRI SERRE, JEANNE MOREAU)

A taste of porridge

WHILE IT DOES NOT QUITE SUGGEST THAT A spell in jail can be as pleasurable as a holiday in the Bahamas, *The Pot Carriers* does imply that "porridge" is not unpalatable if you know how to take it. "Time," says the old lag who's doing it, "passes. Tomorrow comes and it's new: you smoke a few fags, use a lot of bad language and it's gone. That's all there is to it."

Mr. Stanley Black's effective lead-in music, strident with the rattle of chains, the clatter of heavy keys and the clanging of cell-doors, may send a little shiver down your spine—but by the end of the film you'll probably be feeling that if the worst came to the worst you wouldn't mind being "inside" for a bit: there seems to be an abundance of bonhomie and a good deal of fun to be had down Wandsworth way.

Mr. Paul Massie, a respectable young man, is

sentenced to a year's imprisonment for causing Grievous Bodily Harm (in a fit of jealous rage he stabbed a fellow who was fooling about with his girl-friend). He is depressed and appalled at the thought of having to mingle with real criminals—but, bless you, they turn out to be a very decent lot on the whole. You couldn't find a nicer couple of chaps anywhere than Mr. Massie's cell-mates—Redband (Mr. Ronald Fraser), an incorrigible thief, and Mouse (Mr. Davy Kaye), an habitual housebreaker. Good-humouredly they take the newcomer in hand, cheer him up, instruct him in the kitchen duties to which (like them) he is assigned, teach him the language and show him the ropes. . . . Things aren't going to be so bad after all, despite his forebodings.

Life for the Kitchen Gang is one glorious fiddle. By pinching food from the stores and swapping it with Mr. Dennis Price (the arch fiddler who works in the prison officers' mess) for such goodies as dairy butter, fresh eggs, the odd yard of steak, chocolate and tobacco, Redband, Mouse and Mr. Massie contrive to live like fighting-cocks. The kitchen's Chief Officer (well played by Mr. Eddie Byrne) turns a blind eye to their petty pilfering: it isn't until Redband gets over-ambitious and purloins a whole gammon that things become a little rough.

Thanks to an informer (who is punished by mild little Mouse in a particularly horrible way for "grassing"), Redband is caught with a knife concealed upon his person—and is liable to lose the two-year remission he has earned on his six-year sentence. Mr. Massie, now completely one of the "boys," sportingly claims the knife as his—and loses the four-month remission due to him.

Redband, his sentence soon complete, takes an emotional farewell from Mr. Massie and promises he'll go straight from now on. This, in view of his past record, is a little hard to believe—but it gives Mr. Massie a Sidney Carton glow and provides a cosily sentimental ending.

Mr. Mike Watts, on whose play the film is based, certainly knows his lags and "screws" (warders to you): every syllable of prison jargon and every detail of prison routine comes across as dead authentic. It is when Mr. Watts ventures outside that he seems a trifle lost: the scenes between Mr. Massie's girl-friend (Miss Carole Lesley) and Redband's wife (Miss Vanda Godsell) don't come off at all. Mr. Fraser's performance is nothing short of gorgeous: never mind his battered dial—he's the real kiddie, that one, as Redband would say, and Kingsize.

M. François Truffaut's *Jules & Jim* hymns eternal friendship and laments the transience of

love. It is based on a novel—a *first* novel, written at the age of 74—by M. Henri-Pierre Roche: it is charming, nostalgic, bitter-sweet, gentle, funny and sad—and from start to finish I loved it.

Jules (Herr Oskar Werner), a moon-faced Austrian, and Jim (M. Henri Serre), a dark and aquiline Frenchman, meet in Montparnasse in the year 1907 and become inseparable friends—sharing each other's interests and girls and bearing with one another's foibles in perfect amity. Into their lives comes Catherine (Mlle Jeanne Moreau), a strange, capricious young woman with whom Jules falls deeply in love.

Jim is fascinated by her, too, but hides his feelings out of affection for Jules. Catherine leads them both a dance—demanding their whole attention and leaping impulsively into the Seine if their interest in her momentarily wavers.

Just before the outbreak of the 1914-18 war, Jules marries Catherine and takes her with him to Austria. Both men are called up and while fighting on opposite sides each is haunted by the dread that he may have killed his friend. (M. Truffaut's use of period newsreels and material from the French war archives strikingly brings home the bleak horrors of that grim conflict.) Both men happily survive and when the war is over Jim goes to visit Jules and Catherine (and their enchanting little daughter) in their Austrian home.

There is a moment of awkward silence when none of them seems capable of finding a thing to say—but it passes and their old, warm relationship is renewed. Everything is the same as before—and yet not the same, for Jules knows that Catherine, who has already been unfaithful to him, is consumed with desire for Jim. Sadly he begs Jim to become her lover—he fears that she will leave him if she does not get her way, and he can bear anything rather than lose her.

Catherine is not content to be Jim's mistress—she demands a child by him. When he hesitates—he has, you see, a fiancée in Paris—she takes her revenge by giving herself to another man. She loves Jules, she loves Jim but she cannot resist torturing them and herself—only death can resolve the situation, and death is what she chooses. The film is beautifully directed—you *must* see it.



Welcoming the newcomer to the prison (Paul Massie) are two experienced lags (Ronald Fraser & Davy Kaye), who explain that he will not lack home comforts, especially if he joins the gang that purloins them from the kitchen. A scene from *The Pot Carriers*

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

THE QUEST FOR NONSUCH BY JOHN DENT (HUTCHINSON, 40s.). **THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB** BY PETER DE VRIES (GOLLANCZ, 18s.). **AM I TOO LOUD?** BY GERALD MOORE (HAMISH HAMILTON, 25s.). **THE TIGER OF CH'IN** BY LEONARD COTTRELL (EVANS, 25s.). **LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLER** BY PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN (COLLINS, 25s.). **BIRDS FROM BRITANNIA** BY

PRINCE PHILIP (LONGMAN'S, 21s.). **WAR IN HEAVEN** BY CHARLES WILLIAMS (FABER, 6s.). **NEW PENGUINS**

King Henry's Folly

I HAVE TOO MANY BOOKS THIS WEEK TO BE able to provide more than inadequate notes on any of them, and I'm starting with John Dent's *The Quest for Nonsuch*, not truly because it is the best written, but because

Nonsuch has been a passion of mine for years, and the author wrote the official guide on the recent excavations there. Nonsuch was the great Tudor palace, richly ornamented and enormously extravagant, built by Henry VIII, enjoyed by Elizabeth (it was at Nonsuch that she crossly received Essex without her wig when he dashed boyishly into her private apartments and tactlessly surprised her dressing and unpainted) and destroyed by the insanely prodigal Barbara Villiers.

Mr. Dent is maybe not the most elegant of

stylists but I do not care, for he minds so much about the exact layout of the palace, the whereabouts and design of courts and staircases and fountains, the planting of herbs and fruit trees and the organization of the gardens, that other mad Nonsuch fans must just be thankful such a careful enthusiast exists. Anyway, the book lists the building accounts, including 1s. for Silk Ribbon, 3d. for ink, 9d. for Dust-box and Dust and 8d. for Hour-glasses, all to James Ketell, Ironmonger, and who can ask for more? Anyone would expect the name of a general, a tyrant or a reformer to be remembered; the fact that we have on record the name of the man who supplied hour-glasses for Nonsuch seems to me more strange, and more endearing.

A thing I weep to witness is the sight of a funny man—we have only about half a dozen of them—taking out a jumbo-sized handkerchief and handing it round for us to wipe away our sorrowful tears. Salinger is battling with some inner problem of his own, and now Peter de Vries—always a writer pushed a little beyond the safer bounds of sanity but also always crookedly funny—has abandoned his former concern with wit and the general lunacy of the human condition to write *The Blood of the Lamb*, a wild and to me disastrous novel distraught with pain at the unreasonableness and horror of disease: the narrator falls in love with a tuberculosis patient who dies; his father goes out of his mind; his wife becomes totally unbalanced and kills herself; and finally his only child, a girl, dies of hideously prolonged leukemia. The publishers call the book “classically still in its tenderness and loving

compassion,” and I am not too sure what they mean. It seems to me like something written out of a state of mind in which writing was vital therapy but not for publication. Pot the plot of *Lear*, of course, and you get a loony horror-story written by a man at the height of a nervous collapse—the point being, as always, that anything is possible given genius. But if a small, delicate talent should be asked to stand too much pressure of disgust, physical pain, suffering, the result in words, I think, is more often a sad and embarrassing fiasco than a work of art.

Am I Too Loud? by Gerald Moore is an enchanting lightweight book of funny stories about singers, interspersed with a great deal of very wise and sound information about the art of accompaniment by one of the greatest accompanists there has ever been. I am particularly devoted to the occasion on which Mr. Moore planned, at a tenor's request, to transpose a song down a tone only to find that owing to some disaster in the middle they finished a tone higher instead, with painful results. Mr. Moore is devoted to some of his singers and pretty brisk with most of them, without a doubt justifiably.

Briefly . . . The Tiger of Ch'in by Leonard Cottrell is a pleasant history-for-beginners about Ancient China . . . *Letters from a Traveler* is a collection of letters written by the celebrated author of *The Phenomenon of Man*—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, and, with the boldness born only of folly, I have to confess a total lack of interest in these dry, almost inhuman, certainly impersonal documents from

someone who was clearly an astonishing man; maybe they meant a great deal to the recipients—I cannot see that they hold very much for the general reader. . . . *Birds From Britannia* is by Prince Philip, with some very jolly snaps and a breezy text to go with it; I am insanely alarmed by birds myself, but this is a reassuring and endearing book, with none of the hush of sanctity and awe with which most bird-watchers write about the objects of their passion.

Penguins have gone into the poetry business, very laudably, with *The New Poetry*, edited and rather aggressively introduced by Alvarez, and worth the money for two particularly memorable poems—Thom Gunn's *A Mirror for Poets* and Ted Hughes's frightening *The Jaguar*. Penguins also have two nice little anthologies combining some rather odd and unexpected companions within paper covers—Amis, Moraes and Peter Porter in one, Durrell, Elizabeth Jennings and R. S. Thomas in another. I applaud the venture with all my heart, and wish I could find even the smallest reference to whoever it was who made the selections.

Lastly, Fabers are starting to bring out the novels of Charles Williams in paperback, beginning with *War in Heaven*. Williams was a startling figure whose poems and novels, and above all lectures, had a considerable effect on Oxford during the last war. I once had a mad passion for the novels, which are a weird mixture of religion, mysticism, and the bare bones of thriller-writing, and now seem to me turgid, steamy and fairly sick. He is, nevertheless, a powerful phenomenon and worth the republishing.

WORDS

Gerald Lascelles

WEST SIDE STORY; KENTON'S WEST SIDE STORY; WEST SIDE STORY BLUES BY THE OTHER FOUR ALL NIGHT LONG; IT'S TRAD, DAD; STRANGER ON THE SHORE BY ACKER BILK LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES BY ART BLAKEY

Music from the movies

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S SCORE FOR *West Side Story* took Broadway by storm, but the need to revamp it extensively for the filmed version escapes me. The sound track version (SBBL659) contains nothing startling, from a musical point of view, but serves to underline the composer's considerable talent for putting the right notes into the right mouths, if you know what I mean. The score is an obvious target for the jazzmen to dress up, but I am disappointed by the achievements so far. *Kenton's West Side Story* (ST1609) merely transforms a subtle orchestral and vocal score into something tough and brassy, which is ideal for some pieces, but goes wide of the target on many others. There is also an album by The Other Four, a piano

and rhythm section group, who play *West Side Story Blues* (ACL-R1118) in a dull and academic way. They are probably wise to preserve a cloak of anonymity!

All Night Long, a Rank film which demanded a jazz background, has some memorable passages (STFL591). That *avant garde* thinker and bassist, Charlie Mingus, happened to pass through London, and contributed a fine but all too short track, *Noodlin'*. Dave Brubeck took his own piano part in *Raggy waltz*, sitting in with an otherwise British quartet. Tubby Hayes, Johnny Scott, Bert Courtley, Allan Ganley, Keith Christie, and a host of other British jazzmen provide swinging modern jazz which should be remembered long after the film itself has been forgotten.

The biggest film disappointment for jazz fans must surely have been *It's Trad, Dad*, excerpts of which have been preserved in album form (33SX1412). No one could pretend that Helen Shapiro or Chubby Checker has a contribution to make to trad jazz. Barber, Bilk, and Lightfoot all play briefly in their accepted roles. Acker Bilk treads new ground in his latest album with strings, *Stranger On The Shore* (33SX1407), but the only concession to jazz is the leader's rather pleasant vibrato; most of

the themes being played more or less as written.

The French film directors have long been aware of the potential which jazz can offer as background music. *L'ascenseur à l'eschaffaud* featured Miles Davis; Roger Vadim used the Modern Jazz Quartet in *Sait-on jamais*. Now Vadim's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (TFL5184) features a score played by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. For my taste the drumming is too loud and aggressive—Blakey always was a boisterous man with the sticks—but this may have been toned down on the actual soundtrack. The trumpet-tenor front line, Lee Morgan and Barney Wilen, has that bleak sound which can be most effective in situations of high drama such as I am told take place in this film. Duke Jordan's piano and Wilen's soprano saxophone produce well-blended sounds in *Prelude in blue*. It is something of a triumph that the music was recorded in America and dubbed on to the soundtrack in France. Only Wilen and Jordan are seen in the film, the other musicians who appear mime the parts of the Jazz Messengers. I regard this as a successful use of jazz in the cinema, and one which should convince many filmgoers, who are outside the ranks of jazz fans, that the music is not so horrible after all!

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

BARBARA HEPWORTH WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY VAN GOGH AND SIGNAC MARLBOROUGH FINE ART

Aladdin's cave, E.

IF I HAD OPENED THE DOOR TO ALADDIN'S CAVE I doubt whether the sense of excitement would have been greater than that I experienced on entering the Whitechapel Art Gallery last week. Take the Underground to Aldgate East (it's by far the quickest way to get there) and see for yourself. Of all the excellent exhibitions that the gallery's young director, Bryan Robertson, has been mounting there during the past few years, none, not even the Henry Moore or the Mark Rothko shows, has surpassed this in the quality of its initial impact.

Miss Hepworth has for a long time made subtle use of colour in her sculpture, but never before has this quality been more impressively displayed than it is now in this great barn of a gallery whose walls have been specially draped with white and blue cotton fabrics. Probably no other sculptor today is using so great a variety of materials. Certainly none is using them with a greater sense of their innate beauty.

Pre-eminent as a carver of stone and wood,

she has in recent years produced a number of striking works in bronze, copper and brass. But there has been, so far, no question of her abandoning carving for the physically easier task of modelling. One of the principal works in this show is a three-ton stone carving, called *Rosewall*, which was finished only last month. There are other, smaller things in marble and alabaster, and a score or more in wood—teak, elm, walnut, mahogany, limewood, planewood and scented guarea. All have finished surfaces of extraordinarily sensuous beauty. Those in scented guarea are like huge "conkers" fresh from their shells, a parallel heightened by the painting of parts of the carvings with creamy-white paint.

I was relieved to find that an irresistible desire in me to touch and caress these objects, though not encouraged by the gallery officials, was fully understood and even deliberately inspired by the artist. In her statement, included in the catalogue, she says: "In all these shapes the translation of what one feels about man and nature must be conveyed by the sculptor in terms of mass, inner tension and rhythm, scale in relation to our human size and the quality of surface which speaks through our hands as well as eyes." Direct references to the human figure are comparatively rare in Miss Hepworth's work and her allusions to it and to landscape are more obscure than those of Henry Moore. It is probably for this reason that she was long held to be a "difficult" artist. This exhibition should prove that nothing is further from the truth, for

its appeal is wholly to the senses and the emotions.

At the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, where drawings by Van Gogh and paintings by Paul Signac are being shown under the titles *Van Gogh's life in his drawings* and *Van Gogh's relationship with Signac*, admission fees and proceeds from the sale of catalogues are being given to the Leonardo Appeal Fund, thus making it possible for those who wish to help the Fund to do so with added pleasure. But I wonder what Van Gogh would have thought of this? Much as he loved the Old Masters I suspect that he would rather see his work raising money for famine relief or some other great humanitarian cause.

That this idea should force itself upon me is, I suppose, a measure of the deep humanitarianism implicit in so many of the drawings in the show, those early studies of miners in the Borinage, the lithograph, called *Sorrow*, of the prostitute Sien whom he befriended, the "orphan-man," the peasants and the weavers. His life drawings of professional models, and sometimes even those studies he made from plaster casts, were mysteriously imbued with this quality which had driven him to saintly excesses of altruism and self-abasement in his evangelist days. From his letters it seems highly probable that, had he not turned to drawing when he did, this passionate concern about the human condition would have destroyed him. How, instead, it became transmuted slowly and painfully into art is poignantly illustrated by this "life in his drawings."

TWO NIGHTS AT THE OPERA

BY J. ROGER BAKER

When Galina Vishnevskaya, Russia's leading soprano, made her debut at Covent Garden as *Aida* one expected great things, and nobody, I think, can have been disappointed. She looked the perfect *Aida*: glamorous, slender, with glowing eyes and she also acted the role as few other sopranos would even try to. There were moments when her more stolid colleagues were standing about (counting the house, perhaps) while she emoted, swooped and reacted to every phrase. Vocally, Mme Vishnevskaya had some wonderful things to offer: the soft high notes at the close of *O patria mia*, and the soaring final duet were beautifully conceived. The Amneris at these performances was another guest, Biserka Cveje from Bulgaria. Her voice, though opulent and powerful, is too soft-grained and sweet for the essential biting tones of this part. Charles Craig and Joseph Rouleau, in familiar roles, were the best of the men, and I also liked the sound of Anne Finley, the off-stage priestess.

The Welsh National Opera Company usually



Galina Vishnevskaya, as *Aida* in her debut at the Royal Opera House

brings rarely-heard works to London. This year they opened their Sadler's Wells season with Rossini's *William Tell*. There were ineptitudes in John Moody's production, and some banalities in translation, but the opera emerged clearly as something that should enter the permanent repertory of London opera. There are testing parts for at least six of the soloists and many exciting choruses (the Welsh singers made their mark there). The second and third acts represent romantic opera in full spate (a world of difference from the style of Rossini's more familiar comedies). Even the composer realized his opera was too long; the uncut version lasts some five hours, and though this production had been cut to just over three, there is room for more trimming. This done, *William Tell* could be a huge success; it contains too many lovely things for it to remain unheard. The singing in this production was of an unusually high standard; Edward Byles coped with the high tenor part with a minimum of strain, and Ronald Lewis handled the title role strongly. But the most satisfying performance came from Elizabeth Vaughan who contributed accurate and stylish singing, topping the ensembles with brilliance. Charles Groves, conducting the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, secures stylish playing.



Telescope from Cogswell & Harrison. Cap and sweater at Lillywhites

Fair stood the wind for somewhere or other and you were left with smarting skin, pipe cleaner hair and a brave smile. So Herbert Johnson's helmet-shaped headgear in silk foulard tie prints with ends to tie back like a headscarf will keep the hair out of your face and preserve some of the set for after six. They cost 3 gns. in silky sporting colours, or softest plain coloured cashmere for chilly sea breezes. Sea-shape alternatives are a wide leather bandeau with the hair cinched in at the back or a nautical crew cut.

Sail smoothly into a suntan with a suntrapping cream—the sea's the best place to pick one up with the tanning wind and reflections off the water. Or protect a lily white skin with a preparation like Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream.

Brown skin promotion: Newest is Ambré Solaire Crème which is specially for the easily irritated skin and stops red

faces in the club house. So does Cyclax Bronzing Lotion, geared for the dry skinned who usually have an edgy temper in the sun. Advantages: unsticky so doesn't attract sand or flies. Good tempered too in sun and wind is Guerlain's latest, Crème Solaire Fluide light gold in colour and high in the protective rating, it's non-greasy too.

Tried & Tested brown skin promoters are Countess Csaky's Sun Gold which looks like vanishing cream and does just that on the face; Lenthéric's Sun n'Wind which includes a lubricating moisturizer in its make-up. Lancôme's Fond de Teint Solaire Mat is a make-up cum tanner with shades to choose from like a foundation cream. Extra good: the dusky Cyclone.

By ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



BEKEN

Gay Gazelle, a 39 footer designed by Cox & Harwell, built by Dorset Lake Co., with two Rolls-Royce engines developing 500 h.p.



EILEEN RAMSAY

Pacemaker Pilot built by Port Hamble Ltd. (see also overleaf)



BEKEN

Anglesey, 37 footer designed by Uffa Fox and built by Pochin Craft Ltd., two Crusader engines 650 h.p.



BEKEN

Monaco, 33 footer designed and built by Morgan Giles, two Rootes Listers 220 h.p.

SHOPPING FOR POWER CRAFT

From a list supplied by Hugh Somerville

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE Offshore Power Boat Race sponsored by the *Daily Express* has already done an immense amount of good. The race last summer was a test of men and boats, that can only help improve the breed of the modern small fast motor yacht in the same way that motor racing helps to improve the modern car. Dominant figure in the world of fast motor boat designs at the moment seems to be Raymond Hunt of Boston, the man who designed Tommy Sopwith's *Thunderbolt*, one of the 23 ft. Christina class, built by Bruce Campbell of Hamble, which won the *Daily Express* race last year.

Hunt is also responsible for the range of glass fibre craft built by the Bertram Yacht Company of Florida, and handled in this country by Thomas Nelson Yacht Agency, Billiter Buildings, Leadenhall Street, London. They tell me that one of the Bertram 25-footers recently won the 180 mile Miami-Nassau race in a time of 3 hours 42 minutes—a Bertram 31-footer was second. The Fairey Marine 23 ft. Huntress and 28 ft. Huntsman types are also the work of this remarkable Bostonian. The first "all British" boat in last year's race was one of the 42 ft. Geranium class built by James Taylor of Shoreham. Sir Gordon Smith has just taken delivery of one of these called *Black Cavalier*, which he will use as tender to his *Dragon* in Scandinavia this summer.

The motor boat owner seems

far more likely to accept what is more or less a standard craft in contrast to the sailing man who, when confronted with a standard boat, will inevitably try to change everything. While the Christmas and Huntsmen types are expensive craft for their size, these are the "Aston Martins" of the water. The cost depends mainly on the type of engines installed. There are other standard craft which seem also to be good. Dell Quay Yacht Yard have their Ramblers, Jenners of Thorpe, Ltd., their Jennercraft, Port Hamble, Ltd., Pacemakers, R. & W. Clark their Colin Mudie-designed Hurricanes and Force 8's, Universal Shipyards, Ltd., their Sea Stars and W. & J. Tod the new Tuna "62." But for a real "Rolls-Royce" of a fast motor boat, the one shown by Vosper of Portsmouth during the Boat Show struck me as superb.

For those who want something a bit more workaday Keith Nelson of Bembridge produce a range of most excellent launches, both in glass fibre and traditionally clinker-built wood. But the most delightful little clinker-built boat I have seen in recent years is the 24 ft. varnished Swedish built launch which Sportship Ltd., of Bursledon, Hants, are handling. Their Associated Company, Chris Craft Sales Ltd., of 20 Sloane Street, London, are the agents for the famous American Chris Craft who have over one hundred 1962 models available and are the pioneers in this line.

At speed (right) Fairey Marine's Huntsman, winner of the diesel event in last year's offshore powerboat race





SHOPPING FOR POWER CRAFT: Thunderbolt, one of the 23 ft. Christina class, built by Bruce Campbell of Hamble



Glass Moppie, from America, made by Florida's Bertram Yacht Company



Yo-Yo, a 23-footer also from the Bertram Company



Pacemaker 29 built by Port Hamble Ltd.



A'Speranziella, Italian competitor in last year's power boat classic

MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Heralds in fresh livery

STANDARD-TRIUMPH ARE AIMING FOR A BIG NEW market with their six-cylinder version of the Herald. At its remarkably low price (£837 inclusive of tax for the saloon—the convertible is £56 more), it looks like proving a popular buy. The Vitesse, as it is being called, has good looks designed into its bodywork by that brilliant young Italian, Giovanni Michelotti, and a liveliness under the bonnet that must be experienced to be believed. 70 b.h.p. is developed by the 1.6 litre engine, a smooth running and robust power plant based on the successful six-cylinder unit that proved itself over several seasons in the Standard Vanguard. The new Herald type has been reduced to 1,596 c.c. from the Standard's 1,998 c.c., but it has, of course, a lot less weight to pull and can get the Vitesse moving in breathtaking fashion. During my trial of it I clocked 0 to 50 m.p.h. in only 12 seconds, and 60 m.p.h. in 17.1 seconds. Top speed was a little better than a genuine 90 m.p.h. I should say that cruising at 80 would be easy on suitable roads, for the clever design of the engine relieves the moving parts of high stress. Petrol consumption naturally varies with driving conditions, but the heaviest should not be below 30 m.p.g.; 40 ought to be obtained with careful use of the accelerator.

The Vitesse uses the same separate chassis principle that was part of the success of the Triumph Herald, but some modifications have been introduced. Their result is to give the car excellent road holding and suspension. All the advanced features of the Herald are retained—the independent springing on all four wheels, the ability to turn in a road only 25 feet wide, and the multi-position driving seat that can be set to 12 different adjustments. One advantage is the absence of lubricating points resulting from the adoption of sealed-in bearings—and another is the method of building up the body that enables a damaged panel to be replaced comparatively cheaply and without massive welding operations. I have always admired the ingenious thinking that went into the design of the original Herald. In this new version there has been added an appeal to the sporting motorist that should make all these good points even more worth while.

The Triumph Vitesse is made both as a saloon and as a convertible with a folding hood that can be raised or lowered in a bare 90 seconds once you know how. When down, the convertible is as smart a car as one could wish to see, and the staggered lamps—the pair on each side being set diagonally—add to the rakish appearance. So too does the wedge-shaped band of colour running the whole length of the body. The makers have adopted bright anodized aluminium for most of the

exterior metal parts; radiator grille, wheel trims, bumper bars and tread strips on the door sills. An extensive range of colours has been well chosen—I particularly liked the Phantom Grey and Renoir Blue. Inside, there is an air of luxury in the deeply cushioned seats (leather is an extra), the mottled carpet and the polished wood fascia and door fillets. The doors have pockets, there are three ashtrays, and safety padded sun-visors. A heater-demister fresh air installation is standard equipment, so also is a flasher for the headlamps which does not require the lamps being switched on before it works.

This new Vitesse is going to fit the pocket, the purpose and the predilections of a great number of British motorists, and it is nice to

know that the home market is to be the first served. Standard-Triumph tell me that initial deliveries will be confined to the United Kingdom, and that despite the large number of orders they have received from "all over," the first cars to be shipped to the U.S. will be in the late summer—Western Europe gets them in the autumn.

Another model from the same stable is the Standard Ensign de luxe, a revival of a car that never seemed to achieve the popularity it deserved. It now has the same engine as the TR4—a four-cylinder of 2,138 c.c. that develops 75 b.h.p. Otherwise it differs hardly at all from its predecessor except in its peppier performance. The price is £848, and there is an estate car version at £1,013.



Standard-Triumph's new Vitesse convertible and (below) Ensign saloon



Weddings



TON HUSTLER

JANE BOWN

Aykroyd-Fleming: Victoria Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, of Kirkby Overblow, near Harrogate, was married to Robin Fleming of Barton Abbey, Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, at All Saints, Kirkby Overblow

Crewe-Read—Morton: Joanna Christina, daughter of Col. J. O. & the Hon. Mrs. Crewe-Read, of Yateley, Hants, was married to Capt. J. A. F. Morton, son of Brig. & Mrs. C. W. Morton, of Berkhamsted, Herts, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Jebb—Thomas: The Hon. Vanessa Jebb, daughter of Lord & Lady Gladwyn, of Whitehall Court, S.W.1, and Bramfield Hall, Suffolk, was married to Hugh Swynnerton, son of the late Mr. Hugh Whitelegge Thomas, and of Mrs. Thomas, of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, at St. Andrew's, Bramfield



ANTHONY BUCKLEY

Montagu-Douglas-Scott—Griffin: Henrietta, daughter of Colonel Andrew Montagu-Douglas-Scott, of Farmington, Strettington, Sussex, and Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3, was married to Major Arthur John Stewart Griffin, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. W. M. S. Griffin, of Greathed Manor, Lingfield, Surrey, at St. Anne's, Kew Green

Miss Gillian Dance to Captain Simon Portal. *She* is the daughter of Major James Dance, M.P., & Mrs. Dance, of Moreton House, Moreton Morrell, Warwicks. *He* is the son of Major Melville Portal, M.B.E., & the Hon. Mrs. Portal, of Redcote, Haywards Heath, Sussex



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Miss Cordelia Mary Crossley to Mr. David Lubington Hill. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Crossley, of Sun House, Birstwith, Yorks. *He* is the son of the late Mr. Harold B. Hill & Mrs. Hill, of Ovington Court, S.W.3



BETTY SWAEBE

Miss Philippa Verey to Mr. Richard Barder. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Philip Verey, of Ruscombe, Twyford, Berkshire. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Derek Barder, of Paines Place, near Uckfield, Sussex



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

CHINESE RESTAURANTS HAVE SPRUNG UP IN London and outside at such an enormous rate in recent years that one could not be far wrong in thinking that there is something of a boom in Chinese food. In addition, the grocery department of every large store stocks a remarkable range of Chinese eatables and, in large centres, there are special Chinese shops where every possible requirement for Oriental cookery can be obtained. And to back this up, I estimate that over the past five years there have been more books published on Chinese cooking than on that of any other country.

The chief difficulty the recipes present to the Western cook is the number of things to remember; so much about the right way to chop a piece of meat or a duck, and so much about traditions, that often the very thing the uninitiated wants to know has had to be left out. I myself have learned more by watching my Chinese friends, as well as professional chefs, than from any book.

But I have just come across one which changes all that because the author, an Australian-born Chinese, is the teacher of Chinese cookery at the Food School of the East Sydney Technical College. Being a teacher, she assumes that people don't know—and how right she is! She also specializes in televising Chinese cookery. In short **Chinese Cookery**, by Ella-Mei Wong (Angus & Robertson, 13s. 6d.) is very good value indeed. In any new cookery book, one

always looks up pet dishes. One I always refer to is CHUN GURN (SPRING ROLLS) and Mrs. Wong's recipe is perfect. So is FAR JEE MUN ARP (BRAISED DUCK WITH LILY BUDS).

In her recipe for SPRING ROLLS, Mrs. Wong refers to the "skins." These are the pancakes in which the filling is wrapped and a very practical name for them it is, because they should be as thin as possible. The ingredients are tabulated in the book, but for lack of space I shall include them in the directions. For the "skins," sift together 2 cups of plain flour, a cup of cornflour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. Mix in a beaten egg and add water (approx. 2 cups) to make a light thin batter. Strain. Grease pan lightly and pour in a thin layer of batter to make a pancake about 6 to 7 inches in diameter. Cook until lightly browned on one side only. Repeat. Cool.

To make the filling, season $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of minced pork with 2 teaspoons of soy sauce, a teaspoon of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of monosodium glutamate. Soak 8 dried mushrooms in hot water for 20 minutes, then finely chop them and 12 water chestnuts. Add to the seasoned pork and mix well together. Cook lightly in a little oil and mix in a cup of shredded vegetable (cabbage or bean sprouts). Cool and drain off any liquid. Place a portion of the filling on the cooked side of each "skin" and top each with a slice of cooked chicken. Brush the edges with beaten egg white and wrap each into a neat

Orient in the kitchen

parcel, tucking in the ends securely. Deep-fry in hot oil until golden brown all over. Drain on absorbent paper.

Incidentally, monosodium glutamate is sold in this country under various names—Aji No Moto, Accent, and Stress.

BRAISED DUCK WITH LILY BUDS, one of the great Chinese duck dishes, is possible for the amateur cook. The lily buds can be obtained from the Bombay Emporium, 70 Grafton Way, W.1, as well as in Chinese food shops. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of soy sauce, salt and pepper to taste, a tablespoon of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sherry, 2 crushed inches of green ginger and a crushed clove of garlic. Rub the cleaned duck inside and out with this mixture. Soak 6 dried mushrooms in hot water for 20 minutes. Slice them. Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of lily buds and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of dried fungi in hot water for 10 minutes. Drain. Fry the mushrooms, lily buds, fungi and a sliced bamboo shoot in oil for a minute or two, with a little water. Heat a large deep pan, add oil and brown the duck in it. Add the mixture from the other pan, 2 to 3 cups of stock or water and the soy sauce liquor. Cover and simmer until the duck is very tender.

Another new book I can recommend is **The Far Eastern Epicure**, by Maria Donovan (Heinemann, 16s.). Described as a "culinary journey to the Far East" it is an entertaining book, consisting of recipes gathered in homes and restaurants during the writer's travels.

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

The tragic flower of Towton Field

NOT LONG AGO I DESCRIBED AND DISCUSSED the White Rose of the House of York, *R. Alba*. Readers may be interested in another rose history—this time a dark and tragic one—and I am devoting the present article to the story of the rare and beautiful wild rose of Towton Field.

Of all the battles of the Wars of the Roses, that of Towton was perhaps the most murderous, and it took place on the morning of Palm Sunday, 1461. The day was wild and stormy. A fierce March wind drove a blinding snowstorm into the faces of the Lancastrian army. The Yorkists took immediate advantage of the storm and their archers caused fearful havoc at the onset of the battle. The archers of the Lancastrians, blinded by the snow, found their arrows falling short, and the soldiers had to close in with sword and axe. During the whole of that Sunday the battle raged, with the fortune of war hanging in the balance, now the white rose, now the red. The tide of battle at last turned against the Lancastrians with the arrival of 5,000 fresh Yorkist troops; so the day was lost. There were 36,000 slain on the field, and at nightfall their blood stained the snow as well as the waters of the Wharfe.

Shakespeare refers to the battle in King Henry VI, Part 3, Act. II.

Now the curious thing is that before the battle took place, ordinary wild white roses had grown on the field, but afterwards, so it was said, these roses changed to red and white—emblems, as it might be, of the fight. Nor is this all. These red and white striped roses of Towton do not grow well on any other soil, though they do well enough on the battlefield. Some years ago, a Yorkshire relative of mine, who was a dedicated rose grower, made up his mind to grow the Towton rose, come what may. He did not succeed in spite of trying every method—digging up the roots and transplanting, budding, grafting and so on, even persuading a famous firm of rose growers in Essex, who were friends of his, to assist. The rose beat him in the end. You can, of course, grow the ancient garden variety readily, and I shall deal with it one day. The garden *York & Lancaster* is not, however, to be confused with the wild rose of the battlefield, which is one of the prettiest of English wild roses. It is a pity that it has resisted attempts to bring it into cultivation.



The Towton Rose



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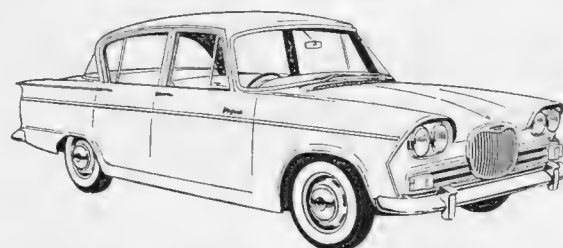
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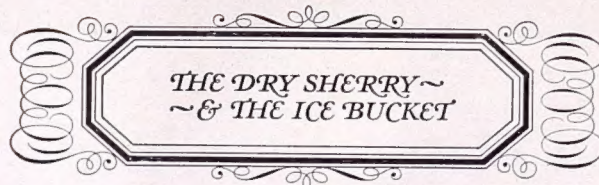
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